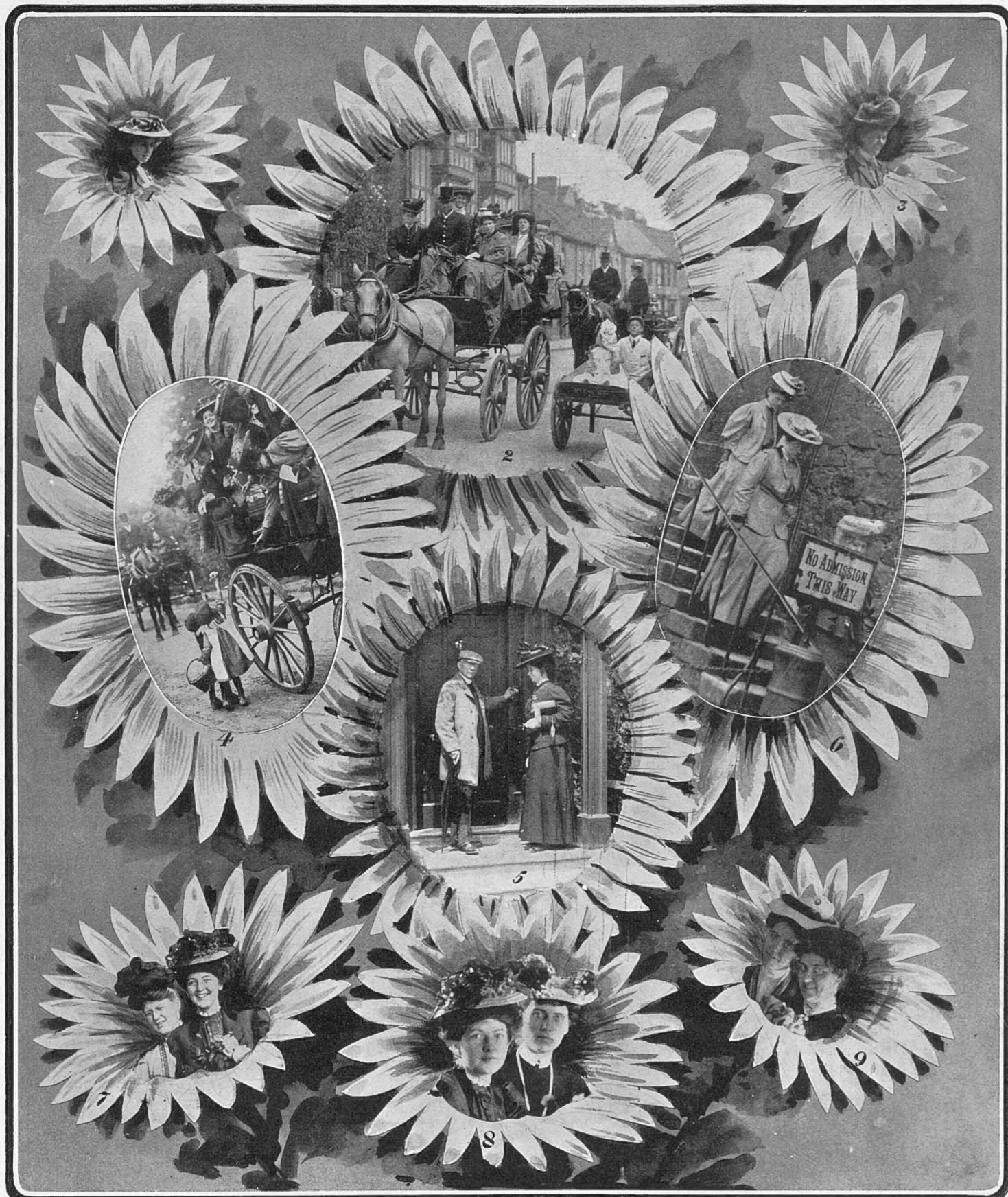


The Sketch

No. 755.—Vol. LIX.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 17, 1907.

SIXPENCE.



1, 3, 7, 8, and 9. TYPES OF THE BUCKEYE DAISIES. 2. THE BUCKEYES OUTSIDE MISS MARIE CORELLI'S HOUSE AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.
4. BUCKEYE DAISIES BUYING FLOWERS FROM A LITTLE GIRL ON THEIR WAY TO STRATFORD-ON-AVON.
5. KNOCKING AT MARIE CORELLI'S DOOR. 6. AT THE TOWER OF LONDON.

THE BUCKEYE DAISIES IN BRITAIN: THE VISIT OF OHIO'S PRIZE GIRLS.

The "Buckeye Daisies," the twenty-one most popular girls in Ohio, have been sent over for a seven-weeks' tour of Europe. They are, according to one paper, "doing this country in a happy-hearted rush." They are delighted with London, and have been to Stratford-on-Avon to see Shakespeare and Marie Corelli.—[Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.]



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"



The Return of the Sun.

The most glorious event in the recent history of these islands was the sudden return of the sun, after weeks and weeks of sulking, on Thursday last. I shall endeavour to celebrate this tremendous happening in blank verse, and I shall select the "Hiawatha" metre because it lends itself to picturesque treatment. Without further prelude, then, here we go—

THE RETURN OF THE SUN.

*Thursday was the day appointed,
Thursday! Greater thus than Tuesday!
Lord of Saturday to Monday!
Prince of Wednesday! King of Friday!
Hail to thee, great Sunshine Thursday!*

London woke and blinked her eyepeeps,
Eyepeeps dull with days of blackness,
Eyepeeps red with weeks of weeping,
Weeks of hoping, longing, fainting,
Weeks of hanging over hearthstones,
Railing on the fate of mortals,
Cursing deep the County Council.

London woke and drew the blinds up,
Saw the street alight with sunshine,
Saw the milkman dancing cakewalks,
Saw the postman trying handsprings,
Saw the bobby slyly laughing,
Laughing in a sleeve of azure.
Saw the housemaid laughing also,
Minnehaha of the snub-nose,
Laughing as she swabbed the doorstep.
Saw the cat her paws a-licking,
Saw her give her ears a cudgel,
Cudgelling her ears with wet paws,
All because the sun was shining,
All because she had to celebrate the coming of the summer.

Pater woke and drew the blinds up,
Pranced with glee and called to Mater,
Told her that the sun was shining,
Promised her a hat with feathers,
Hat of blue, and red, and yellow,
Costing many hard-earned pennies.

Mater woke and pulled the bell-string,
Called for tea and bread-and-butter,
Smiled at little Minnehaha,
Minnehaha of the snub-nose,
Very nearly raised her wages,
Very nearly—but not quite.

Ethel woke and drew the blinds up,
Skipped and caught her little toe-toe
In the carpet. Up again, though,
Laughing like a young hyæna;
Laughing shrilly, laughing madly,
All because the sun was shining,
All because her lover, Theodore,
Would take her on the river,
Shelter her 'neath shady willows,
Call her "You!" and press her fingers,

Land her just below the gas-works,
Buy her cake, and jam, and crumpets,
Drive her home upon a tram-car.

All day long the kindly sun shone,
Shone upon the silken-hatted
Mosenthal of many millions,
Shone upon his curving nose-piece,
Nose-piece famed throughout the City,
Famed and feared by kings and paupers,
Heritage of countless ages.

Shone upon the "Buck-eyed Daisies,"
All the way from far Ohio,
Begging gum from Miss Corelli,
Talking through their little noses,
Patronising Shakespeare's Stratford,
Singing songs in stately Warwick,
Full of fun and stuff and rubbish.

Shone upon the Strand and Fleet Street,
Avenues of hope and terror,
Avenues of creeping thousands,
Crawling here and crawling thither,
On a never-ending errand.
Came the sun to warm and cheer them,
Help them through the tangled journey,
Bring them gleams of bygone summers,
Memories of fields and rivers,
Memories of kindly faces,
One, above all, sweet and smiling.

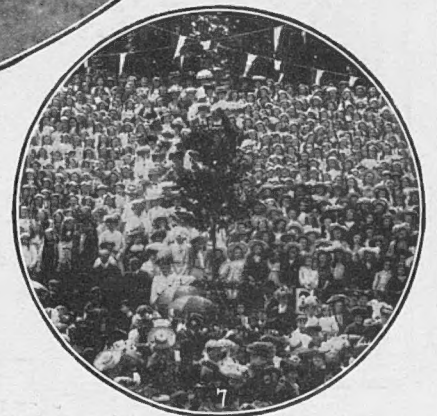
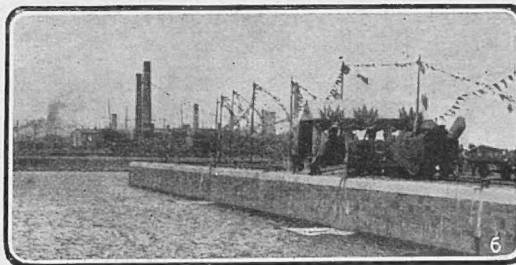
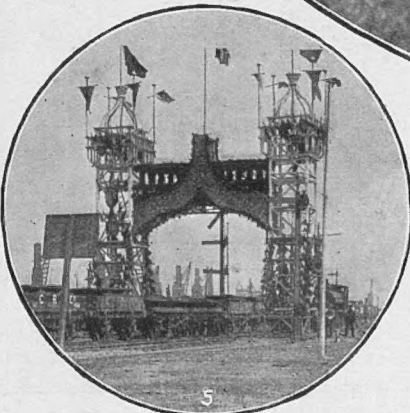
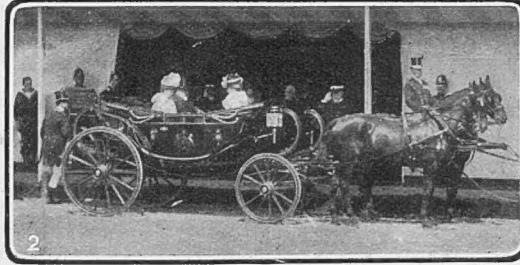
Shone upon the children's playgrounds,
Tiny mites with perky faces,
Faces red and faces brown,
Red with youth and brown with mud-pies.
Little heads went turning skywards,
Little hands, all soft and grubby,
Wafted kisses to the heavens.
Can you wonder that the sun shone?
Blushed he, then, with shame and pleasure,
Shame for May and June of sulking,
Pleasure that the lips of children—
Grubby little paupers' children—
Wafted kisses to the heavens.

Shone upon the beds of sickness,
Bringing ease to those who suffered,
Urging them to get well quickly,
Keep up heart and get well quickly;
Spoke of woodland glades to lovers,
Spoke of cradle-sides to mothers,
Spoke of tiny hands to fathers,
Spoke of life and love to each one.

Thus the sun returned to London,
London of the streets and alleys,
Courts, and avenues, and byways,
Prisons, palaces, and hovels,
Pot-pourri of hell and heaven.

*Thursday was the day appointed!
Thursday! Greater thus than Tuesday!
Lord of Saturday to Monday!
Prince of Wednesday! King of Friday!
Hail to Thee, great Sunshine Thursday!*

WHO WOULD BE A KING? A HARD WEEK'S WORK.



1. GOING TO SEE THE KING: PECULIAR UNIFORMS AT BANGOR.

2. OFF TO THE EXHIBITION: THEIR MAJESTIES LEAVING THE YACHT AT KINGSTOWN.

3. THE ROYAL GROUP AT THE VICEROY'S GARDEN PARTY AT THE VICEREGAL LODGE (JULY 10).

4. LEOPARDSTOWN RACES: HIS MAJESTY INSPECTING GIANTS OF THE CONSTABULARY.

5. DECORATED ARCH AT CARDIFF NEW DOCK.

6. THE NEW QUEEN ALEXANDRA DOCK AT CARDIFF, OPENED BY THE KING.

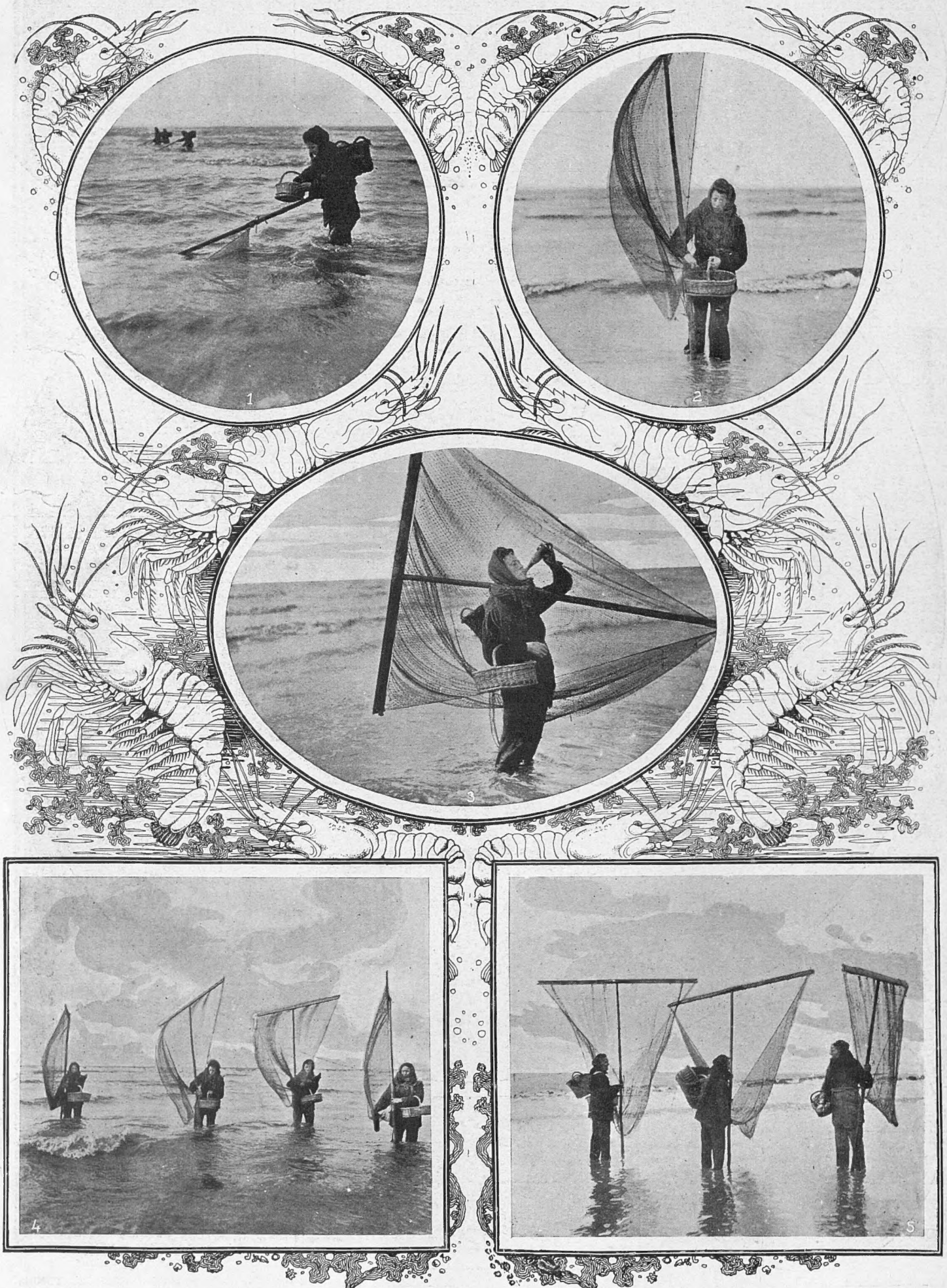
7. TO WELCOME THE KING AND QUEEN: 6000 CHILDREN PRACTISING THE NATIONAL ANTHEM AT CARDIFF.

A CROWDED WEEK OF THE KING'S LIFE.

During last week the King visited Holyhead (July 8); went to Bangor College, inspected school children in Union Jack formation, and visited Bethesda, Capelcurig, Llanberis, and Carnarvon (July 9); visited Kingstown, Dublin and the Exhibition, and the Viceroyal Garden Party (July 10); visited Leopardstown Races and inspected Constabulary (July 11); reached Cardiff (July 12); opened the new Queen Alexandra Dock, inaugurated Avenue at Cathay Park, visited Caerphilly, inspected Volunteers, and left for London (July 13).

Photographs 1, 5, 6, and 7 by Illustrations Bureau; 2, by Typical Press; 3 and 4, by Chancellor.

THE STRONGER SEX: FISHERWOMEN IN TROUSERS.



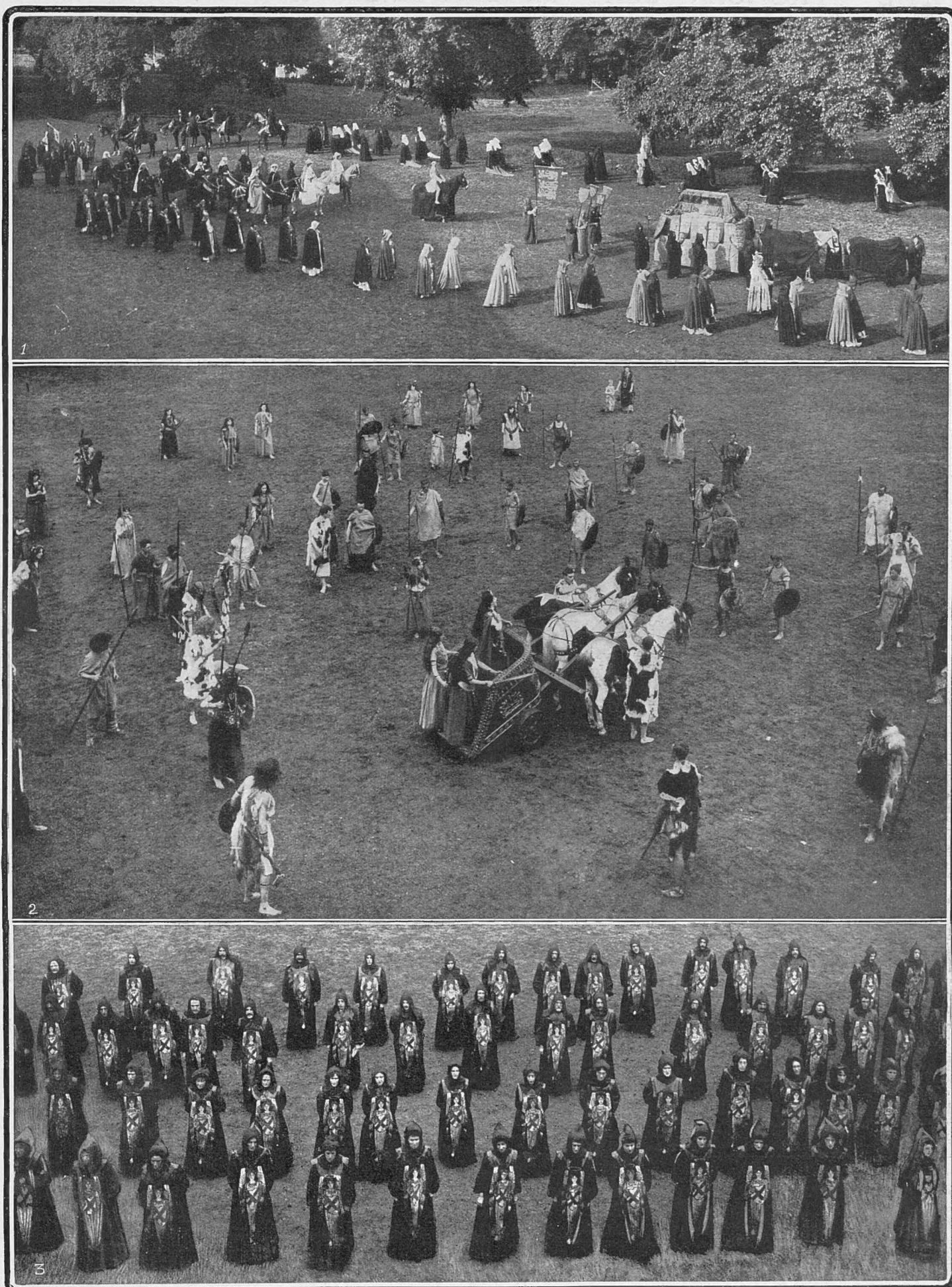
1. SORTING THE CATCH.
4. WADING OUT.

3. KEEPING THE COLD OUT.

2. READY FOR ANOTHER CAST.
5. SO LIKE THE STRONGER SEX.

Photographs supplied by the Topical Press.

ST. ALBANS PRETTY ATTACK OF PAGEANTITIS.



1. THE FUNERAL OF QUEEN ELEANOR, DECEMBER 13, 1290. (EPISODE V.)
 Abbot John de Berkhamstead, Prior John de Marynes, and the Ecclesiastics of the Monastery bearing the Shrine of St. Alban, meet the royal mourner, King Edward I. and the funeral procession, and conduct it to the Abbey Church.

2. BOADICEA GOES TO ENCOUNTER THE ROMANS UNDER SUETONIUS, A.D. 61. (EPISODE II.)

The incident opens with the panic of the Druid priests at the approach of the Romans. Boadicea leads her warriors against Rome, is defeated, and commits suicide.

3. PICTURESQUE HERALDIC GROUPING IN THE ST. ALBANS PAGEANT.

Photographs by Cox.

GARRICK.—MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER
and MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH. At 8.30, in THE WALLS OF JERICHO, by Alfred Sutro. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30.

WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING AT 9,
FRANK CURZON Presents JAMES WELCH in WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD.
At 8.15, THE BOATSWAIN'S MATE. MAT. every WEDNESDAY at 2.30.

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager,
Frank Curzon. EVERY EVENING at 8. FRANK CURZON'S New Musical
Production, MISS HOOK OF HOLLAND. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2.

GAIETY THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. George Edwardes.
Every Evening at 8 (Doors open 7.40), a new Musical Play, Entitled THE GIRLS OF
GOTTENBERG. Mat. Every Wed., at 2. (Doors open 1.30.) Box-Office open from 10 till 10.

DALY'S THEATRE. Produced by Mr. George Edwardes.
EVERY EVENING at 8.15. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2.30.
A new play with Music, entitled THE MERRY WILLOW.

LONDON HIPPODROME.
TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m.
MIRTH, MYSTERY, AND SENSATION.
AQUATIC, STAGE AND EQUESTRIAN SPECTACLE.

EMPIRE, Leicester Sq.—New Ballet, SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.
Mlle. Genée, Première Danseuse, The Debutante, Barber Ritchie Trio, Kremkas,
Mr. Hymack, &c. EVERY EVENING at 8. Manager, MR. H. J. HITCHINS.

BALKAN STATES EXHIBITION, EARL'S COURT.
Open 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. 1s.
SERVIAN SECTION.—QUEEN'S PALACE.
BULGARIAN SECTION.—IMPERIAL COURT.
MONTENEGRO SECTION.—DUCAL HALL.
WORKING TOBACCO, CARPET, AND OTHER EXHIBITS.—Manufactures, Raw
Products, Arts and Industries.
PEASANT DANCERS AND GIPSY MUSICIANS FREE.
"THROUGH THE BALKANS IN TEN MINUTES."
GRAND MILITARY and PROMENADE CONCERTS.
OLD JAPAN IN THE EMPRESS HALL.
"All around is a wealth of bloom."—Times.
"Illusion complete from the doors."—Daily Telegraph.
"A spectacle the most beautiful ever produced."—Morning Post.
"Realistic and gorgeous conception."—Standard.
FUJI-YAMA-NIKKO TEMPLE AND NIKKO BRIDGE.
JAPANESE THEATRE FREE.

Maxim's Flying Machine Balkan Stalactite Caves—Pygmies from Ituri—THE FISHING
CORMORANTS—The Helter Skelter—Pharos the Egyptian—The Salt Mine.

LEAMINGTON SPA. REGENT HOTEL.—Premier Hotel
of Midlands. Best centre in England for Motoring and Driving. Charming country.
Splendid Roads. Garage for 60 Cars. Telegrams "Regent." Telephone 109 Leamington.

DUBLIN HOTEL METROPOLE, SACKVILLE STREET
(next General Post Office). Convenient for Railways, Steamers, and Amusements. The
most Modern and Luxurious. Passenger Lift. Electric Light, Sanitation officially certified. High-
class Restaurant attached. Moderate Tariff. Descriptive matter on application to the Manager.

THE GARDEN OF DEVON. UNRIVALLED FOR FISHING.
TORCROSS HOTEL, South Devon.—G.W.R. to Dartmouth
(Week-end return, 21s.). Sea and Freshwater Fishing all the year round. Boarders,
8s. 6d per day. Coaching and country pursuits. H. B. BARTLETT, Proprietor.

WEYMOUTH. (The English Naples).—Special Attractions.
Celebrated Viennese Band Performs Daily. Land and Marine Excursions. Golf Links
(18 holes). Fishing and Boating unsurpassed. Maximum Sunshine of any Seaside Resort.
Send stamps 1½d. to Town Clerk for Illustrated Guide.

SUMMER TOURS IN SCOTLAND.
THE ROYAL ROUTE.
COLUMBA, IONA, &c., SAIL DAILY, MAY TILL OCTOBER.
Official Guide 6d.
Tourist Programme post free from DAVID MACBRAYNE, Ltd., 110, Hope Street, Glasgow.

JERSEY.

BATTLE OF FLOWERS.

AUGUST 8.

"A picturesque pageant."—Illustrated London News.

Thousands of Covered and Reserved Seats from 1s. to 5s.

For illustrated descriptive pamphlet and tickets apply,

SECRETARY, FÊTES COMMITTEE,
TOWN HALL, JERSEY.

Or the HEALTH RESORT ASSOCIATION, 29, John Street, Bedford Row, London, W.C.

STAMMERING permanently CURED only by personal tuition.
PUPILS TAKEN IN RESIDENCE.

INTERVIEW ON WRITTEN APPLICATION to
Mr. A. C. SCHNELLE, 119, Bedford Court Mansions, London, W.C.

BUREAU MARQUETERIE.—OLD ENGLISH.
6 ft. 3 in. high by 3 ft. 9 in. wide. QUEEN ANNE PERIOD. Commanding appearance.
Price £120, or near offer.—W. ABBOTT, 40, DALBERG ROAD, BRIXTON, S.W.

HOLIDAYS

IN THE

OLD WORLD CITIES OF THE ZUYDER ZEE.

And other interesting
Parts of Holland.

ACCELERATED SERVICE TO
SCHEVENINGEN
(THE DUTCH BRIGHTON),
TEN HOURS FROM LONDON, BY THE
BRITISH ROYAL MAIL ROUTE,
via Harwich and the Hook daily.
CORRIDOR VESTIBULED TRAINS.
DINING AND BREAKFAST CARS.

Send post-card to the Continental Manager, Liverpool
Street Station, E.C., for descriptive illustrated pamphlet
(free).

HAMBURG.—In connection with the Great Eastern Railway,
via Harwich. By the General Steam Navigation Company's Fast Passenger Steamers
"PEREGRINE" and "HIRONDELLE," EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.
Passengers leave London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.40 p.m. Dining and Breakfast Cars.
First Class, Single, 37s. 6d.; Return, 56s. 3d.
Second Class, Single, 25s. 9d.; Return, 38s. 9d.
Further particulars of the G.S.N. Co., 55, Great Tower Street, E.C.; or of the Continental
Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

PARIS. SWITZERLAND, THE TYROL, ITALY

and NORMANDY.—Cheapest and most Picturesque Route via NEWHAVEN and
DIEPPE. Express Services leave Victoria 10 a.m. and 9.10 p.m. daily. Turbine Steamers.
Through Corridor Carriages by Day Service between Dieppe, Lausanne, Montreux, Simplon, and
Milan. Swiss Tours. Cheap 30-Day Tickets to Innsbruck.

The cheapest route to Lucerne.
SUNDAY IN PARIS TICKETS issued every Saturday Night. Week-End Tickets to Dieppe.
14-Day Excursions to Dieppe, Rouen, and Paris, Aug. 1, 2, 3, and 4.
Details of Continental Manager, London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, London Bridge.

QUICK CHEAP ROUTE

TO
SCANDINAVIA

Via HARWICH and ESBJERG,
By the Danish Royal Mail Steamers of the Forende Line of Copenhagen, thrice weekly.
Send post-card to the UNITED SHIPPING COY., Ltd., 108, Fenchurch Street, London; or
the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C., for descriptive illustrated pamphlet (free).

CANADIAN PACIFIC LINE.

FASTEST TO CANADA. NEW "EMPRESS" Steamers from Liverpool. TOURS to the BEAUTY
SPOTS of CANADA and the Canadian Rockies. Apply for Special Tours
and SPORTING PAMPHLETS to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company,
62-65, Charing Cross, S.W., 67, King William Street, E.C., or Local Agents.
THROUGH TICKETS via CANADA to JAPAN, 22½ days,
CHINA, 27½ days; AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS JULY 20.

ST. ALBANS PAGEANT. THE KING IN DUBLIN AND CARDIFF.

THE QUESTION OF THE CATTANEO VANDYCK AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.
PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- | | |
|--|---|
| T. FISHER UNWIN. | JOHN MURRAY. |
| The Four Philanthropists. Edgar Jepson. 6s. | The Licensed Trade. Edwin A. Pratt. 6s. net. |
| King Leopold's Soliloquy. Mark Twain. 7s. net. | Round the Horn before the Mast. A. Basil Lubbock. 2s. 6d. net. |
| The Real Sir Richard Burton. Walter Phelps Dodge. 6s. net. | The Shadowy Third. Horace Annesley Vachell. 2s. 6d. net. |
| Doctor Gordon. Mary E. Wilkins. 6s. | The Heart's Highway. Mary E. Wilkins. 2s. 6d. net. |
| DUCKWORTH. | Pilgrimage. C. E. Lawrence. 6s. |
| Three Weeks. Elinor Glyn. 6s. | John Charity. Edited by Horace Annesley Vachell. 2s. 6d. net. |
| F. C. SOUTHWOOD. | The Burning Torch. F. F. Montresor. 6s. |
| British Soldiers from 1550-1906. Christopher Clark. R.I. 10s. 6d. net. | JOHN LONG. |
| THE HOLMESDALE PRESS. | The Lady Trainer. Nat Gould. 6d. |
| Modern Croquet Tactics. C. D. Locock. | A Woman Perfected. Richard Marsh. 6s. |
| WILLIAM BLACKWOOD. | In Search of Jehanne. Avis Hekking. 6s. |
| The Cardinal's Secret. Garret Mill. 6s. | Itinerant Daughters. Dorothea Gerard. 6s. |
| The Return of the Emigrant. Lydia Miller Mackay. 6s. | Innocent Masqueraders. Sarah Tytler. 6s. |
| The Spanish Gypsy. George Eliot. 3s. 6d. net. | WATTS. |
| LONGMANS, GREEN. | Phases of Faith. Francis William Newman. 6d. |
| The Enlightenment of Olivia. L. B. Walford. 6s. | Concerning Children. Charlotte Perkins (Stetson) Gilman. 6d. |
| None So Pretty. By the Author of "A Discrepant World." 6s. | OFFICES OF "COUNTRY LIFE." |
| WILLIAM HEINEMANN | Salmon-Fishing. John James Hardy. 6s. net. |
| Alice for Short. William De Morgan. 6s. | CHATTO AND WINDUS. |
| Eclipse and O'Kelly. Theodore Andrea Cook, M.A., F.S.A. 25s. net. | The Court of the Tuileries, 1852-1870. Le Petit Homme Rouge. 7s. 6d. |
| Sir Elyot of the Woods. Emma Brooke. 6s. | BULLEN. |
| The Collected Works of Henrik Ibsen. Vol. VIII.—An Enemy of the People. The Wild Duck. 4s. | Early English Lyrics. Chosen by E. K. Chamber and F. Sidgwick. 6s. net. |
| | METHUEN. |
| | The Quest of Geoffrey Darrell. Adeline Sargent. 6s. |

SPECIAL NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS TO "THE SKETCH."

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor of "The Sketch," and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders, but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.

Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.
PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH." PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

INLAND.	CANADA.
Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 9s. 13d.	Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 11s. 6d.
Six Months, 14s. (or including Christmas Number), 15s. 3d.	Six Months 7s. 2d. (or with Christmas Number), 16s. 4d.
Three Months, 7s. (or including Christmas Number), 8s. 3d.	Three Months 7s. 7d. (or with Christmas Number), 8s. 9d.

ELSEWHERE ABROAD.	
Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £2.	Three Months, 9s. 9d. (or including Christmas Number), 11s. 3d.
Six Months, 19s. 6d. (or including Christmas Number), £1 1s.	

Remittances may be made by Cheques, payable to THE SKETCH, and crossed "The Union of London and Smiths Bank, Limited," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.



THE CLUBMAN

JAPAN AND THE UNITED STATES—THE VOYAGE OF THE BATTLE-SHIPS—JAPANESE SERVANTS—"SCAMP."

JAPAN is our ally, the people of the United States are our friends, united to us by bonds of common ancestry and language. The cloud of war which is rising above the horizon in the Pacific is no larger than a man's hand, but a few hot-heads on both sides might bring on a storm. The Japanese are perfectly right to protest when the hooligans of San Francisco break up their restaurants there, and it is difficult for us on this side of the Atlantic to understand the reasons which have prompted the municipality of that city to refuse licenses to Japanese to keep registry-offices for servants. I am sure that every American lady who has experienced the difference between Bridget the Irish scrub-lady, who takes holidays when she likes and considers herself a good deal better than her mistress, and the quiet-footed, punctual, polite Japanese servants, will be dead against the San Francisco municipality on this question.

Mr. Roosevelt has a perfect right to move all his battle-ships from one coast of the United States to the other, and if by doing so he transfers the mastery of the Pacific from Japanese hands to American ones, his own people will certainly not blame him. If he goes as far as his naval experts would wish him to do—if he creates a great fortress and dockyard in the Philippines and sends the whole naval force of his country to make a demonstration at the gates of Japan—the Japanese may well ask to what they owe this attention. At present the Japanese are behaving perfectly, but there is danger behind that smooth politeness which prompts them to say that they are delighted that the proposed visit of American ships to Far Eastern waters will coincide with the flowering of the chrysanthemums.

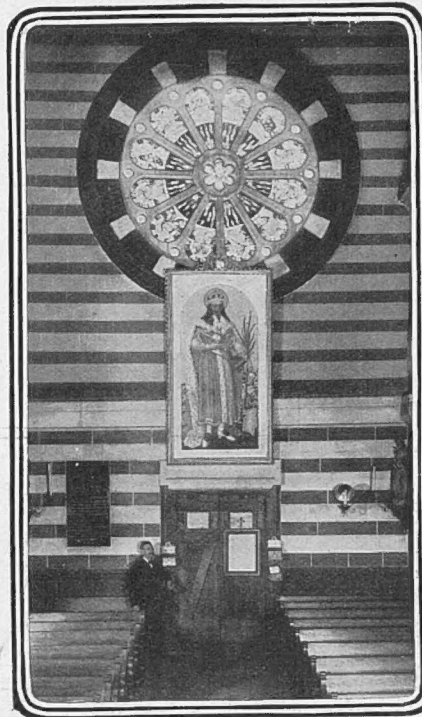
Those Americans who are following the lead of the experts, and are joining in the cry that the fleet should be stationed at the Philippines, do not quite realise what the climate of those islands is. The American seaman, like his British cousin, is ready to go anywhere and to do anything, but life in a steamy, tropical climate on board battle-ships built for winter seas would not be at all comfortable, and probably very unhealthy. I should think, however, that the American ships will not go *en masse* to the Philippines. The President of the United States is a masterful man; but he is also a perfectly just man, and he will know how to keep a restless State in order as well as how to demonstrate the sea-power of his country. What he and his Government, and the two Houses—the Senate and Assembly—consider fair treatment to the

Japanese emigrants will be the treatment they will receive, and the score of great ships of war lying inside the Golden Gate will be a big stick not only to shake across the water at Japan, but also to menace a possibly mutinous California.

At the same time it is to be remembered that the preliminary to war is always a great talk of peace. Before the United States went to war with Spain there was a serious shortage of powder in the former country, and the American representative at Madrid received instructions to delay war at any cost, while every powder-mill in the States was working overtime. War was staved off by smooth words until the American ships were ready.

If California is to be shut to Japanese servants I am sure that we can find places for some of them in England. I have had in my time servants of many nationalities—Zulus, Chinese, Malays, Indians, and Japanese—and for honesty and cleanliness and intelligence the Jap comes second only to the Chinese. The Chinaman is a very prince of body-servants. He, no doubt, will steal from anyone else if he gets a chance; but, if his master trusts him, he will take very good care that he is not robbed.

I had an excellent body-servant in Hong-Kong, whose name was Scamp, a most ominous nickname, but quite undeserved. He did more work than three English servants would, was a good valet, waited well at table, and had the faculty, which no other servant that I have ever employed has ever had, of knowing of what I was thinking and of always anticipating an unspoken wish. He kept all my money and paid all the small bills—no doubt, with an eye to secret commissions—and he accounted faithfully for every fraction of a dollar. I once did a foolish thing. I won some money at a card-party and put the notes into a drawer with a patent lock. When I looked for those notes two day later they were gone. I received neither sympathy nor help from Scamp. I made discovery of my loss just before mess, and shouted for him. He arrived quite impassive, clad in the long blue robes which are the livery of a Chinese servant in winter. I told him of my loss, and he replied, "Master belong too muchee foolo; he go this way, he go that, he no savvy what he do with his mahly; more better next time give it to Scamp to keep." That was all the satisfaction I ever obtained; but I took his advice, and never in future attempted to conceal any money.



KING CHARLES I. AS A SAINT.

The portrait, which was commissioned by the late Queen Victoria, hangs in the Church of the Evangelists in Philadelphia.

Photograph by P. F. Press Bureau.



A SYNAGOGUE USED AS A CRIMINAL COURT: THE TRIAL OF MAJOR SCHMITZ, OF SAN FRANCISCO. Major Schmitz was convicted of extortion. His trial was held in Shearith Israel Temple, San Francisco. In the pulpit is Judge Dunne. Schmitz is at the lower left-hand table with his counsel.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

HOW TO ENJOY CAPTIVITY WITH RAISULI.

BY HIS FORMER CAPTIVE, MR. ION PERDICARIS.

RAISULI, to me, is a man of fine character, who has been driven by outrageous injustice into the position he now occupies. He has been spoiled by the evil conditions in which his life has been passed since his father's death. The old Shereef, his father, who traced his ancestry back through Mulai-ed-Dris, the founder of Fez in 1200, and through him to Fatima, the daughter of Mohammed, the Prophet—this is also the genealogy

of the Sultan of Morocco, but not so satisfactorily established as in Raisuli's case—the old Shereef, his father, was the trusted councillor of Mulai-el-Hassan, the late Sultan, who was one of the most magnificent types of manhood I have ever seen.

Raisuli himself is a man of commanding presence, extremely courteous in his manner and never raising his voice even in issuing orders to his followers. I was greatly struck with this last fact, for, as he had been a sort of bogey for years, one imagined him a rough, truculent fellow.

It would appear that, some four hundred odd years ago, one of his ancestors received from the Sultan a concession of territory in the Beni-Aros Mountains. Since that time the family, now become a clan inhabiting seven villages,

has thrown in its lot with the Berber Beni-Aros Kabyles. It was to one of these villages, called Tsarraddan, that I was taken with my stepson, Mr. Cromwell Varley, by Raisuli. This village is situated on the shoulder of a mountain known to the natives as Mount Nazul. For its appearance, imagine a huge camel's back with great masses of rock on each hump, looking from a distance like fortifications laid out by a military engineer. On the farther slope of this mountain was a magnificent forest of green oak. On one occasion Raisuli, having frequently pressed me to accompany him, took me up to the crest of the mountain to show me the view, which is one of the finest on which I have ever gazed—and I know something about mountain scenery, having been in the Pyrenees, the Alps, and the Greek mountains. I was amazed at the view over the land and sea, and Raisuli, pointing to the park-like depression just beneath the crest, dotted here and there with great trees, above which rose the fantastic peaks of the rocks, said to me: "You, who are so fond of lovely sites, how would you like to build a residence here?" This subject was often referred to by his followers, as if nothing would please them better than to have me live among them.

I had heard a story, which I took to be merely a legend, that on his release from a terrible imprisonment of four years Raisuli had taken a solemn, and to the Arabs an irrevocable, vow, never to allow scissors or razor to touch his hair until he had been revenged on his enemy. The chief object Raisuli had in view when he captured me was to realise this purpose, and the seventy thousand Spanish dollars received by him prior to my release was never considered or spoken of by him as ransom, but as an indemnity to be extracted from this Governor, or the members of his family, the Abdel Saduk family. It is one of Raisuli's grievances now that this sum was not collected from Abdel Saduk as he had intended, but was paid by the Sultan. Another of the Abdel-Saduks was deprived of his post prior to my release, which was conditional upon the dismissal of this Governor.

One day I asked Raisuli whether there was any truth in the

popular belief about his oath. All who know the Arabs are aware that the head is kept closely shaved, for which reason they never remove their turbans. For answer Raisuli lifted the flap of his turban, showing me a long lock of silky hair, plaited like a woman's. "You see," said the insurgent chieftain, "that the story was true." There was nothing melodramatic in his manner or tragic in the tones of his voice, and yet I felt immeasurably pleased that I myself was not in the position of Abdel Saduk.

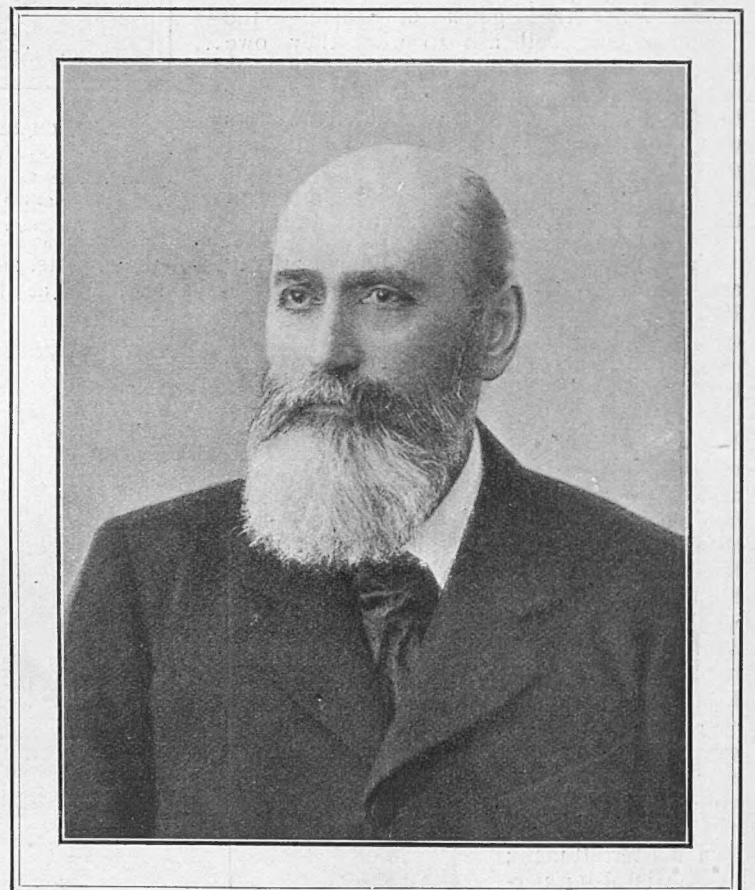
These incidents which I have related will give some idea of my estimate of Raisuli. He is superior to any native I have ever met in judgment and in natural character, except, perhaps, the late Sultan. If I have a high opinion of him now, it should be stated that it is the result of my personal intercourse with him, for before my capture I was entirely opposed to him in every possible way.

You ask me to state what I think should be done with Raisuli. I have always advocated his own scheme—namely, that the Powers represented at Tangier should arrange with the Sultan the appointment of Raisuli as Governor of Tangier itself. This is a thing which they could easily do. A somewhat similar scheme was, indeed, realised when, shortly after my release, Raisuli was appointed Governor of Fa-Has, the district immediately surrounding Tangier. Unfortunately, like other half-measures, this arrangement only led to continual trouble. Raisuli, indeed, kept his promise, restored the roads, and established a degree of order in that district which had not been known for years, even going so far as to seize, flog, and send into Tangier some of his own Kabyles of the Beni-Aros who, imitating some of their chieftain's exploits, had raided the town of Arzilah. Their capture was undertaken at the formal request of Haj Mohammed Tores, the Sultan's representative in Tangier, to whom the foreign Ministers themselves had applied owing to the urgent appeals made to them by the merchants of the Jewish community at Arzilah. The only thanks which Raisuli received for this jeopardising of his own popularity was a round-robin from the foreign Ministers at Tangier insisting on his removal. They were



THE CAPTOR OF KAID MACLEAN AND
MR. ION PERDICARIS: RAISULI.

*Sketched from life by Maurice Romberg, the special artist of the
"Illustrated London News."*



[Photo. by Kate Pragnell.]

A FORMER CAPTIVE OF RAISULI: MR. ION PERDICARIS.

Mr. Perdicaris's play, "The Song of the Torch," was fixed for production on July 15 at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith.

provoked to this by the barbarous methods of the Berber representatives of Raisuli—wild, rough fellows, more like the Redskins of the western plains of America than the Arabs of the more civilised cities of Morocco—a situation which might be summed up, with reference to the present position of Kaid Sir Harry Maclean, by the quotation, "Hinc illæ lacrimæ."

HOCKEY ON HORSEBACK: THE FIRST NAME FOR POLO.



"GOOD PRACTICE FOR LANCE AND SABRE EXERCISE": THE FIRST POLO MATCH IN ENGLAND—THE 9TH LANCERS BEATING THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS (BLUE) ON WOOLWICH COMMON, JUNE 29, 1872.

Note how the stick resembles a hockey-stick.

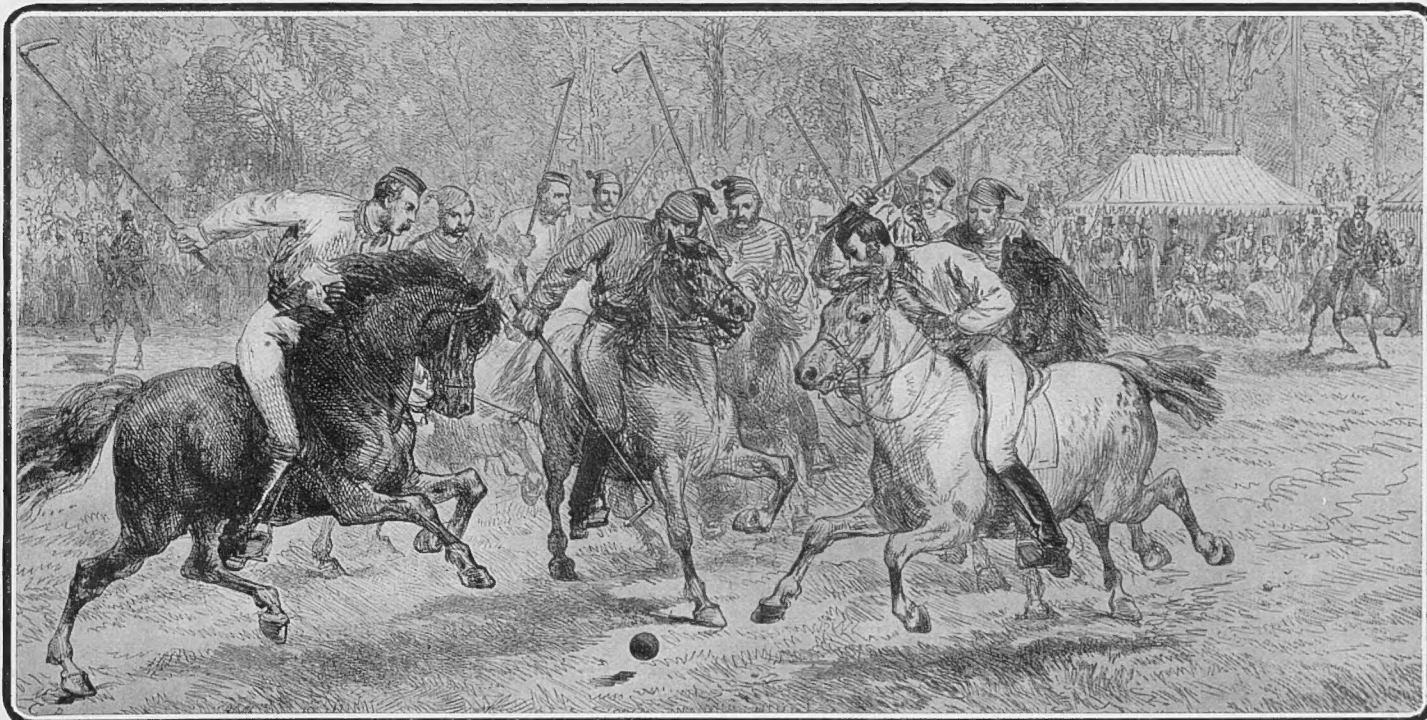
APROPOS of our first drawing, it is amusing to recall the following description from the "Illustrated London News" of 1872: "It was invented, we are told, by the officers of a gallant regiment stationed in India, and the novelty made quite a sensation at Lahore. It must have been found good practice, one would think, for that particular kind of wild beast chase usually called 'pig-sticking,' in which the animal is pursued by the hunter on horseback with a spear. As an exercise, too, for military men, this bold and graceful sport is likely to give increased dexterity in the use of the lance or sabre, or other cavalry weapons, as well as a firmer seat in the saddle and a faculty of quickly turning and striking to the right hand or to



POLO IN PERSIA IN THE TENTH CENTURY: PERSIANS v. TURKS.

The Persian poet, Firdusi, is the first writer to mention polo. Our artist's drawing is based on a manuscript in the British Museum. Note the complete T of the sticks, like the modern stick.

the left, which must be very effective in the mêlée of battle." The story which credits a regiment in India with the adaptation of polo has been doubted by the Badminton writer on the game. He says it originated with some officers of the 10th Hussars at Aldershot in 1869. The young men, bored to death under canvas, read in the papers an account of polo as played by the Munnipoorees. "By Jove!" said one, "it must be a goodish game. I vote we try it." So they went to work at once with crooked sticks and a billiard-ball. They did nothing startling, and soon found that their chargers must be exchanged for ponies. But the foundation of the game was laid.



THE FIRST MATCH OF THE POLO CLUB AT HURLINGHAM: THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS (BLUE) BEAT THE 1ST LIFE GUARDS, JUNE 6, 1874.

Note that the stick is less like a hockey-stick, but not the complete T of to-day.

From the contemporary drawings in the "Illustrated London News."



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")



THE COURT THEATRE MANAGEMENT.

THE Vedrenne-Barker dinner was a matter quite unique in my career as dramatic critic. The management, which began its work in 1904, has been honoured by a complimentary banquet organised and attended by a large number of people who have a brilliant position in the world of art and literature, to say nothing of the distinguished persons who sent letters or telegrams of regret that they could not be present. Think of it. A management three years old, that has had no great success according to popular ideas of success, receives such a compliment. It may be asked why such a compliment was paid, and the answer is that it has been—and is—felt that Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker have done wonders in their efforts to establish for us a modern English drama. There have been some misunderstandings concerning their achievement; even the Earl of Lytton, who took the chair, was

the policy of the management to avoid the productions of the skilful but uninspired craftsman and to delight in work with a novel flavour. Some day, Mr. J. M. Barrie, who was one of the committee, will write the brilliant play, without a concession to the box-office, which all of us expect from him. Some day, too, other British novelists of distinction who have held aloof from the theatre, regarding it as a land of mysterious, artificial rules, will seek a hearing at the Savoy, and we shall no longer be puzzled by the strange phenomenon that whilst the best French novelists are the best French dramatists, our novelists of standing have made but few efforts, and those rarely successful, to use on the stage the fine qualities which have won their popularity.

The point involved really is rather curious. The French novelist takes to drama as a dog to a bone; the English literary man's effort is like that of a hen to swim. According to Mr. Barker, the reason why ours fail is that managers require them to study laboriously the A B C of the art of the hack; this is irksome. Yet they make the effort; they fail from lack of labour. There are noteworthy exceptions to the proposition that our novelists are not dramatists; for instance, Mr. J. M. Barrie, who happens to be a born constructor, John Oliver Hobbes, and Mr. John Galsworthy, a brilliant novelist, who had the pleasure of listening to warm, well-deserved praise of "The Silver Box." The French novelists are able more easily to fit their work to the conventions of the stage; yet, to be just to them, they enlarge the conventions so as to produce unconventional comedies. Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker are willing to allow the novelist to write unconventional pieces. Perhaps the explanation is in part that the successful French novelist-dramatists really are dramatists who write novels. Certainly, even the case of Balzac gives us nothing more curious than the futility of the efforts of Charles Reade to be a playwright.

Mr. Barker gave an explanation of the Court, and presumably the coming Savoy, policy. Incidentally, I may remark that Mr. Shaw stated that the management has made money during its career. Plays have been deliberately withdrawn whilst paying their way, on the theory that more people will come to see them in a series of interrupted short runs than if the first run is continued till the popularity is exhausted; the truth of this has already been proved at the Court. There is the collateral advantage that the players do not become stale through constant repetition; in this there is advantage, for after a hundred successive nights most actors are either painfully languid or over-act abominably, because they are not mere automata.



LEADING LADY IN THE AMERICAN "BREWSTER'S MILLIONS": MISS MARY RYAN.

"Brewster's Millions," which has had such a success at the Hicks Theatre, is equally popular in America.

Photograph by Leslie's Weekly.

not quite correct in his speech. By-the-bye, it must have seemed rather strange to Mr. Granville Barker and Mr. Bernard Shaw, both of them Socialists, to find that the chair was occupied by a noble Earl, whose right to the position, so far as I know, was based upon his rank and his relation to the famous novelist and dramatist, whose enormously successful plays have at last ceased to be the cause of anguish to the dramatic critic. It is delightfully comical to think of a name connected with "Money" and "The Lady of Lyons" being associated with the banquet to the Court management. The chairman suggested that Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker were to be admired because they had founded a repertoire theatre, but Mr. Barker did not claim that this was the case. Mr. Beer-bohm Tree, one of the speakers, very modestly refrained from pointing out that His Majesty's is the real repertoire theatre of London. Moreover, Mr. Barker also drew attention to the fact that the work done by him and his partner was the legitimate development of the efforts of Mr. Grein and the Independent Theatre, of the Century Theatre, and of the Stage Society. These modest statements in no way diminished the merit of the management in having produced and given "runs" upon an ordinary financial basis to many interesting works that otherwise would still be unheard, or, if they had seen the footlights, probably would have been so chopped and changed that their authors would have taken little pleasure in the production.

One part of Mr. Barker's speech was pathetic: he expressed his sorrow at the thought of the lost plays of Mr. Thomas Hardy and George Meredith, and other men-of-letters who found that the ordinary managers expected them, if they wished to be heard in the theatre, to write in accordance with the ordinary stage formulæ, which they found impossible without a labour that they were unwilling to undertake. It has been, and will be,



MR. EDWARD COMPTON: THE DISTINGUISHED ACTOR OF PURE COMEDY, WHO IS PRODUCING "THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE, ON JULY 29.

Mr. Compton has engaged Miss Grace Lane to play Anastasia Coke in the piece. The portrait, representing Mr. Compton as David Garrick, was presented to the actor on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Compton Comedy Company.

After the Painting by Herman Herkimer.



THE TRANSLATOR OF "DIVORÇONS": MISS MARGARET MAYO.

Miss Mayo's version of Sardou's famous play is now drawing large audiences at the Duke of York's Theatre.

Photograph by Savoy.

STOLEN IN SPITE OF CLOCK, PISTOL, AND DOUBLE LOCK:

HOW FRANCE PROTECTS HER TREASURES.



1. NIGHT WATCHMAN AT THE CLUNY MUSEUM, WITH THE CLOCK THAT SHOWS HE IS AWAKE.

The watchman spends the night beside a case of valuable jewels. On the stove at his right hand is a clock which registers at intervals the fact that he is awake. He is required to press a key at certain times, and a mark is made on a travelling ribbon which moves at the same rate as the hands of the clock. The mark must be found on the proper spaces by the inspector. Close at hand the watchman keeps his keys and a loaded revolver.

2. HOW THE JEWELS IN THE LOUVRE ARE PROTECTED: A CASE THAT CAN ONLY BE OPENED BY TWO KEYS KEPT BY DIFFERENT OFFICIALS.

The lock of this case is so constructed that it can be opened only by the proper application of two keys. These keys are kept by two different officials, and both must be present whenever the case is opened. Great interest in the protection of French national treasures has just been aroused by the damage done to Nicholas Poussin's "Deluge" in the Louvre by a grocer's assistant. The young man entered the museum in the ordinary way, and slashed the masterpiece with a knife. Thieves have been busy lately in the Louvre, and even statues get stolen now and then.—[Photographs by Halfstones.]

SMALL TALK



LADY ISOBEL KERR, ENGAGED TO MR. JAMES SCOTT.

Lady Isobel Kerr is the youngest daughter of the late Marquess of Lothian. Mr. Scott is the son of the Hon. Henry Scott and Lady Ada Scott.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

the Accession their Majesties have revived the glories of the London season, not the least of their benefactions to British trade being the magnificent hospitality shown by them to foreign

NEXT Friday (19th) takes place the State Ball, which seems certain to be the last of the many brilliant entertainments which have been specially associated with Royalty during this present season.

From the Court point of view the season of 1907 has been exceptionally successful, and unmarred by any of those misfortunes—Court mourning, royal illnesses, etc.—which bring loss of every kind in their train. Since

princes and princesses, whose presence in this country, and especially in the capital, often means far more than a mere fleeting patronage of our great business houses. The fact that the King is not definitely leaving town till Monday, July 29, also prolongs the season to its furthest limit.

A Scotch Engagement.

The engagement of Lady Isobel Kerr, Lord Lothian's youngest sister, to Mr. James Scott, a nephew of Lord Polwarth and of Lord Home, is exciting much interest in Scotland.

land. Through her mother, Lady Isobel is a niece of the Duke of Buccleuch, and she is closely connected with practically the whole of the great Scottish nobility. Till the death of the late Peer, he and his family spent most of their time at Monteviot, a beautiful but not very large estate near Jedburgh. They much preferred Monteviot to Newbattle Abbey, the splendid place near Edinburgh which boasts the finest private library north of the Tweed. Lady Isobel is one of six sisters, all clever and accomplished, of whom the eldest is known to all motorists as a charming writer on her own and her husband's favourite sport, for she is Lady Montagu of Beaulieu.

This Week's Smart Wedding.

To-morrow (18th) takes place a marriage which will form the occasion of a great military gathering, for the bride is the youngest daughter of General Sir Evelyn Wood. Miss Victoria Eugénie Wood is, as her name implies, a godchild of our late Sovereign and of the Empress Eugénie, and among her choicest possessions are the diamond cross and gold bowl which were the christening gifts of her royal and imperial godmothers. The venerable Empress has remained on terms of cordial friendship with the great British soldier whose sad duty it was to accompany her to Zululand the year

following the Prince Imperial's death; and his three daughters, especially after their mother's death, were, till their successive marriages, a great deal with her Imperial Majesty. Miss Victoria Wood, as she is generally called,

is marrying Mr. J. H. Balfour, of Moor Hall, Harlow. Her two elder sisters are severally Mrs. Fanshawe, the wife of the noted officer who was once described by Lord Wolseley as the bravest man he ever knew; and Mrs. Blount, whose marriage was one of the great Roman Catholic functions of the kind celebrated in Coronation year.



MISS DOLLY WARRE, WHOSE MARRIAGE WITH CAPTAIN MAURICE POPE WAS FIXED FOR JULY 16.

Miss Warre is the younger daughter of Mr. George Acheson Warre, of Roland House, Roland Gardens.

Photograph by Thomson.

Late July Weddings.

Some important marriages take place the last week of this month. These include that of Miss Evelyn Dick - Cunyngham, whose father is one of the many distinguished soldiers whom that family has given to the State; her bridegroom is Mr. Reginald E. Lambert, of Felham Court, Battle, and the marriage will take place on the 27th at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. Two days earlier the whole political world will gather at St. Margaret's, Westminster, to attend the nuptials of Mr. Raymond Asquith, the eldest son of

the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Miss Katherine Horner, the younger of two singularly beautiful sisters. And on the same day Lord Bernard Gordon-Lennox, the youngest son of the Duke of Richmond, marries Lord Loch's sister at Wellington Barracks Chapel.

Clodoche the Dancer.

Clodoche is dead. Clodoche was one of a famous quartet of dancers of quadrilles in the days gone by at the balls in the Paris Opera House, and at a restaurant known as "L'Œil Crevé." This quartet consisted of Clodoche, La Normande, Le Gendarme, and La Sauterelle. All four were men, but two dressed themselves in women's clothes to give greater effect to their drolleries. They danced in a most surprising manner, and the more extraordinary their contortions the more the people shrieked and declared they were *absolument tordants*. Where are the great dancers of other days? They are gone. The cancan has still a certain vogue in Paris, but it has no longer its great exponents. It has been killed by the cake-walk or the mattriche or the craquette. The dancing-halls have a precarious existence nowadays. The most characteristic is the Moulin de la Galette, where the grisette and her admirer dance. Otherwise there is the Bal Tabarin, much frequented by the American, and sundry other places which enjoy a momentary fame.



MISS K. WILSON, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. WILFRED HARRIS WAS FIXED FOR JULY 16.

Miss Wilson is the daughter of Colonel Christopher Wilson, of Rigmaden Park, Kirkby-Lonsdale. Mr. Harris is the son of the late Mr. A. Harris and of Mrs. Harris, of Wharfedale, Farnborough.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



MISS EVELYN DICK - CUNYNGHAM, Who is to be married to Mr. Lambert on July 20.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell



MR. LAMBERT,

Who is to marry Miss Evelyn Dick-Cunyngham on July 20.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



MISS VICTORIA WOOD, DAUGHTER OF SIR EVELYN WOOD.

Miss Wood's marriage with Mr. John Balfour is fixed for July 18.—(Photograph by Rouselle.)

A HUMAN MOSAIC: 8000 WOMEN GYMNASTS.

(BEING "OUR WONDERFUL WORLD.")

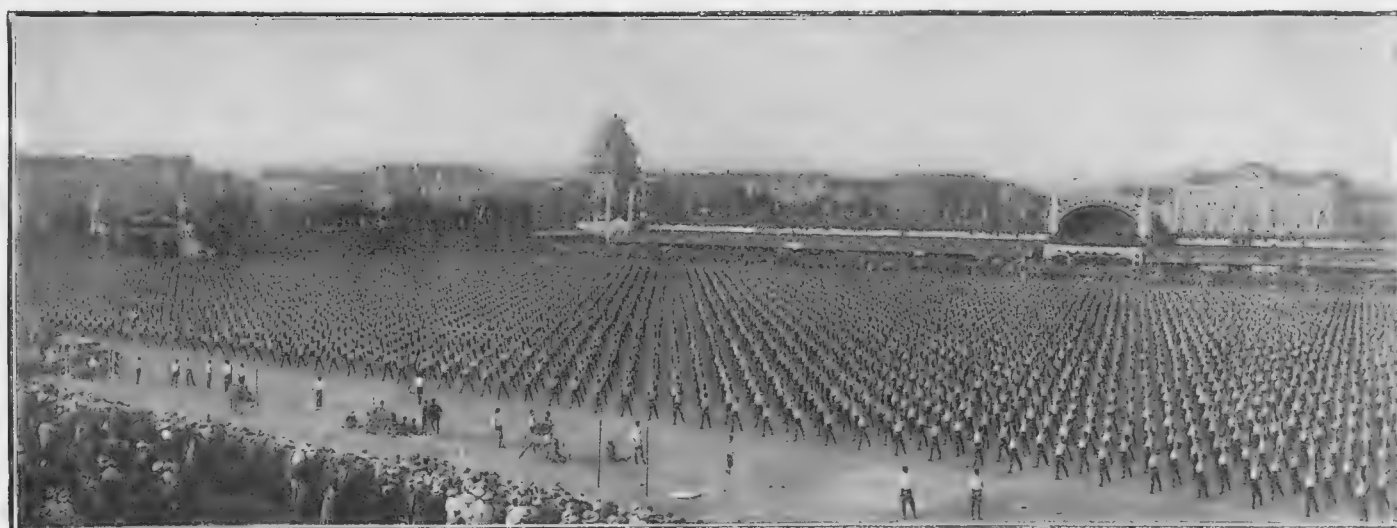


8000 WOMEN GYMNASTS AT PRAGUE: AN EXTRAORDINARY EXHIBITION OF SIMULTANEOUS PHYSICAL DRILL.



HUMAN MOSAIC: THE EXTRAORDINARY OPTICAL ILLUSION PRODUCED BY 8000 MEN RANGED IN REGULAR LINES.

The apparent diagonals are a mere optical illusion. The performers are in regular ranks one behind the other, and are placed at equal distances.



HUMAN MOSAIC: EXTENSION EXERCISES BY 8000 GYMNASTS.

At irregular intervals a great gathering of 8000 Bohemian gymnasts assembles on the Belvedere plain of Prague under the auspices of the Bohemian Gymnastic Club. The details of the gymnastic programme are arranged a long time in advance, and are sent to Bohemian gymnasts in all parts of the world, so that they can practise the exercises to be performed. In each picture about 8000 performers are visible. The grouping of so many persons at regular distances causes some very curious optical illusions. Occasionally the ranks seem to run diagonally, giving the appearance of human mosaic.

Photographs by Naps.



THE KING'S HOST AT CARDIFF CASTLE; THE OVER-LORD OF CARDIFF, THE MARQUESS OF BUTE.

Photograph by Russell.

his wealth comes from the Welsh town where he has just had the honour of receiving his Sovereign. Lady Bute, who has now been married two years, is very popular in South Wales, for she takes an energetic interest in Cardiff and its inhabitants, and she is said to be very fond of the splendid castle, which is on one side literally part of a populous Cardiff thoroughfare. The great rooms are fantastically splendid, many of the walls being frescoed in the Italian style, while the private chapel is one of the most beautiful in the world, thousands having been spent on its decoration. Lord and Lady Bute are blessed with many homes, but they make a point of spending a portion of each year in the town to which they owe their great material prosperity.

A Rumour Confirmed.

Early this spring the rumoured engagement of Viscount Curzon, one of the most eligible bachelors in Society, to his cousin, Miss Mary Curzon, was authoritatively denied; but now the rumour is confirmed, and if report speaks truly, both Lord Curzon and his fiancée are to be heartily congratulated. Lord Howe's only child is said to be as clever in his own line as is his brilliant cousin, Mr. Winston Churchill. He takes an enthusiastic interest in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, to which he was not long ago promoted Lieutenant. He has served on more than one occasion on a man-o'-war, and takes his profession most seriously. His bride-elect, who is the only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Montagu Curzon, occupies the proud position of being the loveliest of this year's débutantes. It is said that the marriage will not take place till next year, owing to the extreme youth of both Lord Curzon and his fiancée.

A Pretty Diplomatist.

Madame Du Gast is a pretty Society woman in Paris who has turned diplomatist. She went to Morocco first because she was in Southern Spain, and thought she would like to cross over the "midland dolorous sea" to find out what was on the other side. She was so interested in Morocco and the Moors that she went again, and this time the French Ministry of Agriculture gave her a sort of mission to report upon the agricultural resources of the country. She has been many journeys into the interior, accompanied sometimes by an escort furnished by that charming brigand Raisuli, sometimes by followers of the

CROWNS: CORONETS: & COURTIERS

LORD and Lady Bute, who have just entertained the King and Queen at Cardiff Castle, share with the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk the highest place in the British Roman Catholic world. Lord Bute is one of our great Peer millionaires; he has some ten titles, and possesses over a hundred thousand acres of land; but the bulk of

Pretender Muley Mohammed, and, as a last resource, by a little company drawn from the army of the Sultan. Madame Du Gast has friends in all the camps. When she comes to the limit of one man's district she drops the old escort and takes on the new. In this way she

contrives to make long journeys without the least difficulty. Should she

become captured she is quite prepared to accept the situation philosophically. Madame Du Gast is a real sportswoman, and hardly seems to know what nerves are. Last year she attempted to cross the Mediterranean in a motor-boat. A storm came on, and she would have been drowned had it not been for a friendly gun-boat, which was standing by, and gallantly came to her assistance.

THE KING'S HOSTESS AT CARDIFF CASTLE; WIFE OF CARDIFF'S OVER-LORD: THE MARCHIONESS OF BUTE.

Photograph by Thomson.



THE WEDDING OF COUSINS: VISCOUNT CURZON, WHO IS TO MARRY MISS MARY CURZON.

Photograph by Downey.

"Bon Voyage" to Lord Stradbroke.

Lord Stradbroke is starting with his artillery team for Canada, accompanied by hearty good wishes from all sorts and conditions of men and women. The King has presented a £100 cup, and the young Suffolk Peer and his artillerymen will receive a splendid welcome at Montreal, near which town the competitions between the team and the Canadian Artillery Association will take place. Lord Stradbroke is a great-nephew of the famous Admiral Rous, whose memory is so dear, not only to seafaring folk, but also to all lovers of the sport of kings. It was he who introduced racing to Australia, and Greater Britain is grateful to him. Both Lord and Lady Stradbroke are well known at Court.

Entertaining the Duke.

The daily papers do their best, but not even their ubiquitous representatives garner all the store of good things which attend a royal visit to Ireland. No paper at the time printed the cream of the stories which grew out of a visit of the Duke of Connaught to the Emerald Isle. "Welcome to Ireland!" said a man as he saw the Duke on the steps of an hotel in the little western town in which he was staying. "Welcome to Ireland, your Royal Highness. I hope I see your Royal Highness well." "Quite well, thank you," answered the Duke. "And your noble mother, the Queen—I hope her ould Luddyship is enjoying the best of health?" "Yes, thank you; the Queen is very well indeed," said the Duke, vastly amused with the easy familiarity of the peasant. "It's glad I am to hear it. An' tell me, your Royal Highness," the other went on, "how are all your noble brothers and sisters?" Before the Duke could answer, an Aide-de-Camp appeared, with, "Here, get along there." The peasant looked up with infinite scorn. "Arrah! what are yez interruptin' for?" he exclaimed. "Can't you see that me and his Royal Highness is houldin' a conversation?"



A WEDDING OF COUSINS: MISS MARY CURZON, WHO IS TO BE MARRIED TO VISCOUNT CURZON.

Photograph by Downey.

A CHICKEN IN THE POULTRY LINE.



TERMINOLOGICAL EXACTITUDE.

LADY: What are your chickens worth to-day?

NEW BOY: Couldn't say, Mum. I must only tell what we're selling 'em for.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Haste, Postman, Haste!

What with the royal visit and the theft of the Crown jewels, officials passing to and from London and Dublin these last few days have had, as the Americans say, to "step lively." Now, unless the recording angels at the General Post Office have overlooked the achievements of that Department, St. Martin's-le-Grand may carry its head high when mention is made of speed, for it holds what should be a record. Into the post-office of a country town sixty and odd miles from London strode one afternoon a nobleman bearing a package. "I want this," he said, "to be in the hands of the Viceroy of Ireland, in Dublin, by seven o'clock to-morrow morning." The postmaster looked at the clock. It was nearly five. "Will you pay any special cost I may have to incur, my Lord?" he asked. "Certainly," was the answer. A train left for London in a quarter of an hour. By that the packet travelled. A wire to the G.P.O. summoned a messenger to Paddington, who rushed thence with the dossier to Euston, just in time for the Dublin express. The letter reached the Irish capital at six o'clock in the morning, went express to the hands of the Viceroy well within the stipulated time, and the cost of the whole thing was—two shillings and eightpence!

A Gloomy Prospect.

A London minister, who appears to have a largish proportion of deaf people in his congregation, is going to have telephones fitted from his pulpit to the pews, so that the least sensitive ear may catch his utterances. It is a capital notion, but quite destructive of the idea of quiet contemplation to which in that hour many may have been accustomed. Remember how it pained Robert Lowe to see a deaf man in Parliament "throwing away his natural advantages" by making use of an ear-trumpet to listen to dull speeches. A surprising sequel attended the rejoicing of the minister of Lunan, Forfarshire, over the wakefulness of one man where so many others slumbered. "Look," he said, pausing in his sermon to awaken the drowsy worshippers, "you see even Jamie Fraser, the idiot, does not fall asleep, as so many of you are doing." Came the plaintive lament of Jamie, "An' if I hadna' been an idiot, I wad hae been sleepin' too!"

The Bishop's Mot.

The German Colonial scandals are very gloomy and sordid, unrelieved by a single gleam of light. We managed these things better when we were as young as a colonising Power as Germany is. Gibbon Wakefield, before he went to New Zealand, loved a lass at home, and carried her off to Gretna Green, as many another had carried his love. But he was imprisoned for so doing. In gaol

he learned to think imperially, and in Canada and in New Zealand he became a powerful factor in the development of those colonies. But there was strife again at the Antipodes. "What is all this about Gibbon Wakefield?" someone asked Bishop Selwyn. "Oh, it's only a Colonial edition of Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall,'" was the ready Prelate's answer.

Our Special Line.

Should that threatened boycott of English goods in Ireland really come about, the sons of the despised "predominant partner" will have to appeal to a method of which the world first heard last year. The Rev. P. J. Dowling, of Cork, explained to the Viceregal Commission on the Working of the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction how the plan operated. An Irish boot-manufacturer found that his countrymen had no faith in the boots which he made; they could not, the locals argued, be as good as

those made outside Ireland. So he caused to be stamped upon each pair that he made the announcement: "Jamais à Paris" ("Never at Paris"). The effect was magical. Instead of a boycott, he experienced a boom. He could not quickly enough supply orders. People simply tumbled over each other to get the boots whose description they believed was a warranty that they had come straight from the capital of France.

A Hair of the Dog.

The acquittal of the accused in the Waddington-Balmaceda trial shows that

"the unwritten law" can be pleaded more successfully in Europe than in the land in which it originated, or has attained recent notoriety. There is quite sufficient of the old Adam in the methods of lawyers in our own part of the world without reinforcement from America, where, on the high authority of President Roosevelt, some of the brightest intellects in the land are devoted to defeating the ends of justice. One expedient, successfully tried in a Chicago trial, we may safely declare will not become popular in our own Courts. A woman was charged with killing her husband by administering a poisoned cake. The remains of the latter were produced in evidence, and counsel for the defence, to prove his client's innocence, broke off and ate a piece of the cake. A moment or so later he was summoned from Court to deal, he explained, with an urgent telegram from his home. Presently he returned and finished his speech, gaining a verdict for his client. But in that interval which followed the eating of the cake he had had a frantic five minutes with a stomach-pump and an antidote for the poison which he had undoubtedly swallowed.



A SIEVE FOR GOLD ON THE CALIFORNIAN LAND DREDGER.

The dredger, which is explained on another page, is used to extract the last precious remnants of gold from the mineral workings in California. It ploughs through cultivated land and prairie, carrying with it its own floating surface and closing its path behind it as it goes. It excavates the soil to a depth of 50 feet.—[Photograph by Union Bureau of News.]

A SHIP THAT CARRIES ITS OWN SEA WITH IT:
DREDGING FOR GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.



THE GOLD-DREDGER AT WORK. (NOTE THE SAND-PUMP (X) BEHIND THROWING OUT A STREAM OF SAND AND WATER.)



EATING UP ORCHARDS FOR GOLD: THE NEW SHIP OF THE DESERT CUTTING ITS OWN CHANNEL.

Thirty-five of these strange ships are devouring the land in California. They are used to extract the last precious grains of gold in old mining districts, and they leave behind them waste land upon which not even the prairie cactus will grow. The craft presents a strange spectacle as it puffs slowly along, eating up orchards and vineyards. It stands in a pool of water fed from a stream which may be yards or miles away. As it advances its artificial lake follows. The dredger is in the fore-castle, whence the soil passes into the body of the ship, where the gold is separated by a stream of water. The mud and rock is then cast out from a trough slanted aft. Two men can work the dredger at full power, and 24 hours' labour of the machine is equal to that of 5000 men and carts. The dredger closes up the ground behind it as it advances.

Photographs by the Union Bureau of News.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



WITH dramatic opportuneness, while Kaid Maclean's capture by Raisuli is fresh in the public mind, Mr. Ion Perdicaris, who was also captured by Raisuli, in May 1904, appears at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, as the author of "The Song of the Torch," which was produced on Monday evening. His father was a Macedonian, his mother a native of South Carolina,

and he himself was born at the United States Consulate at Athens. His youth was passed in America, but later he went to Paris, where he studied art at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, and at the Atelier Gleyre, where Lord Leighton had studied. He subsequently lived for many years in Italy, in Rome, and in Florence, where he erected a bijou theatre in the Salle des Archives of the Rinnucini Palace, and got together a company which for several seasons in succession gave a series of performances in English, French, Italian, and, on one occasion, in modern Greek.

Mr. Perdicaris's capture by Raisuli was not his first or only experience of the sort. He was fired at by Greek insurgents near Athens in 1862, and on another occasion was ob-

himself played on the bagpipes, an accomplishment on which he greatly prides himself.

The troubles of travelling form a subject which actors frequently discuss, but their discomforts are nothing compared with what "stars" have to put up with on the other side of the Atlantic, as the following incident, which happened last season to Miss Grace George, would prove. She concluded an engagement in Cincinnati one Saturday night, and was booked to open in Philadelphia on the following Monday, the journey ordinarily occupying eighteen hours. On the Saturday, however, it began to snow, and by the time the performance was over and the company was ready to start, there was a depth of several inches on the ground. In spite of that, the train started, but gradually, as the depth of the snow increased, it went slower and slower, until, when they came to a station near the Alleghany Mountains, the engineers said it was impossible to go on, though by then they had two engines on the train.

Impossible, however, is a word which does not exist in Miss George's dictionary. She went to the station-master and told him that at any cost she and the members of her company must go forward. After much parleying it was proposed that if she would pay an extra £100 over the sum she had already paid for fares, and reimburse the company for any damage that might occur, the two engines would be uncoupled from the train, and she and her company could ride in the cab of one of them. Without a moment's hesitation Miss George accepted the offer, though she saw that she was practically paying the company for clearing the line. When the negotiations were concluded, it was close on ten o'clock in the morning. As soon as the engineers could get things ready they started, but in consequence of the depth of the snow and the slowness of travel they did not reach Philadelphia until ten minutes past seven in the evening. During the whole nine hours of the journey Miss George and her company did not have a scrap of food or anything to drink. That night, instead of the curtain going up at eight, it did not rise until a little after nine, so that the tired actors might get a meal.

Miss George, it is pleasant to remind readers of *The Sketch*, has made so great a success that she will remain at the Duke of York's until the end of the month, and were her own wishes consulted, she would play a very long engagement in London, so stimulating does she find acting to our audiences. That, however, is a pleasure deferred, for she is sure to come back next year.



A MAKER OF JEWELS ON THE STAGE.

Miss Alice Norton, a German lady chemist, has been attracting large audiences to the Hippodrome by her sensational turn, the making of rubies and sapphires. Equipped with her chemical apparatus, Miss Norton actually produces rubies before the eyes of the spectators. She is a pupil of Professor Pictet, of Berlin.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

liged to gallop for his life along the rocky shore of the Gulf of Corinth, hotly pursued by a band of desperadoes, a circumstance which nearly made him miss his presentation to Queen Amelia of Greece, the Consort of the ill-fated King Otho, who was soon afterwards compelled to abandon the Hellenic throne. Once, too, in Rome, during the last year of Pope Pius IX.'s sway as a temporal Sovereign, Mr. Perdicaris, having innocently stopped on the Corso to watch a display of Bengal lights in red, white, and green—the national colours—was arrested by the Papal police as a political conspirator, but was released on the intervention of a messenger from the American Legation.

Kaid Maclean's capture vividly recalls Mr. Perdicaris's own experience at the hands of Raisuli when Aidonia, the Perdicaris villa on the Spartello headland near Tangier, was attacked by Raisuli's Berber followers, and both Mr. Perdicaris and his stepson, Mr. Cromwell Varley, were hammered on the head with the enemy's guns, their hands were bound, and they were compelled to mount and ride until they reached the mountain village where they were detained for six weeks, their families being meanwhile exposed to continual anxiety and suspense. Mr. Perdicaris and Kaid Maclean have always been on the best of terms. When anything was going on at El Minzah, the Perdicaris town house, near the gates of Tangier, the Kaid and his pretty daughters were often among the guests, and when Mrs. Perdicaris returned to Tangier, the summer after her husband's captivity, she was entertained at dinner by the Kaid, who marshalled his guests to the dining-room to the tune of "Bonnie Dundee," which he



THE FIRE-DANCER AT THE PALACE THEATRE.

Mlle. de Dio is delighting audiences at the Palace Theatre with her fire-dancing. She seems to revel in the flames, and achieves a series of brilliantly picturesque effects.

Photograph by E. N. A.

A TALE OF SOME SPIRIT.



1. NO MORE PETROL AND A THREE-MILE HILL BEFORE HIM. 2. ORGANISING AN ACCIDENT. 3. THE POLICE MAKE AN EXCITING DISCOVERY, AND— 4. —BICYCLIST AND BICYCLE GO UP HILL ON EASY TERMS. 5. AT THE TOP OF THE HILL THE VICTIM RAPIDLY RECOVERS— 6. —AND DEPARTS IN TRIUMPH AND A CLOUD OF SMOKE.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

WHEN Knight, the Leicestershire professional, is on the cricket-field he is simply Knight—"Knight scores a century," "Knight makes a catch"; but, as "it's Mr. Thomas Atkins when the band begins to play," so is it Mr. A. E. Knight when his admirable writings are mentioned in the Press. Certainly Knight the "pro" must look upon Mr. A. E. Knight the stylist as something of an embarrassment. When he is prisoned in the little wooden hut that just serves to protect professionalism from the torrents of July, he is led to envy the "gentlemen" with elbow-room and pen and paper in the Pavilion; for it matters not if your cricket be as good as, or your English better than theirs, you are a "pro," and, therefore, worse paid, worse housed, and worse treated!

Mr. Knight may not be at the top of the averages, but he is far and away the best writer on cricket at this moment. Mr. P. F. Warner does fairly well in the *Westminster Gazette*, but half his sentences are clumsier than his cricket, and his slang is the predominant partner with his English; Mr. C. B. Fry's experience stands him in good stead in journalism, but, frankly, his batting is better done; and as for Dr. W. G. Grace's efforts in the *Morning Post*, they are nearly as laborious as run-getting against Rhodes upon a ruined wicket. Mr. E. V. Lucas—who, by the way, has just edited that classic of cricket literature, "Nyren's Guide"—does not, unfortunately, report even the Test Matches, and Mr. Clarence Rook does Lord's as rarely as he does the Derby, and—is not quite serious about either!

Garibaldi was fortunate in his poets—Mrs. Browning, Swinburne, and George Meredith; and he met Tennyson. By the Laureate Garibaldi was asked (one rather wonders why) if he wrote poetry. "Yes," was his reply. He said it "quite simply," recorded Tennyson in a description of the encounter. But it ended there; we do not hear that Tennyson struggled with Garibaldi's Italian, although Garibaldi did English the favour of a fairly close familiarity. It is true that Mr. Meredith might have been perplexing; but Scott was much to Garibaldi's liking—"a grand *romancier*, and much to be preferred to Dumas," he is reported to have said.

Like Tennyson's first question to Garibaldi was Browning's to a Chinese Minister whom he met in a friend's drawing-room. "Yes, I am a poet; I write enigmas," was the reply; "and you?" "I also write enigmas, brother," Browning answered, with a laugh which will never cease to sound upon the present writer's ears. No poet of our time ever laughed as Browning laughed; and I count it to him for righteousness.

The spirit of the master is not dead. The gentle art of dispute may not flourish so wittily as when Whistler himself disputed, but he has left the legacy of disagreement to all his good friends and disciples. The "Philip v. Heinemann and Pennell" case was faithfully done—a replica of one of "Jimmy's" own little discords in gold and silver.

Mr. Pennell, the most strongly opinioned and convinced writer on art matters of the time, would, of course, write a Whistler Life that would fall short of nothing in the matter of appreciation. When Mr. Pennell treats of the modern's painting he is ruthless in the way that he, too, will drag in Velasquez—nothing can save the Spaniard from the injurious comparison! And Rembrandt has never looked so small as when propped up by Mr. Pennell beside Mr. Pennell's hero. From all which it may be seen that he has sympathy with his subject's nature—he is at soul a fighter.

If Mr. Charles Whibley, mentioned during the case as an alternative Whistler biographer, is less an enthusiast and less of a fighter, he has some hates in common with his dead hero. Millionaires are anathema to him. But while Whistler railed against only one rich man—the patron whom he painted with a suit of pound-pieces covering him—Mr. Whibley contemns the whole race of modern millionaires. We had always rather envied Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Rockefeller, and Mr. Monty Brewster; but they are the type of everything that is degenerate in modern humanity, according to Mr. Whibley, whose name Du Maurier, perhaps, had in mind when he made his mild, but not mildly resented, hit at Whistler in "Trilby," under the name of Sibley.

Mr. Walter Raleigh, in his "Shakespeare," a volume added to the "English Men of Letters" series, says that Shakespeare's

knowledge of the Bible was "casual and desultory." The *Contemporary Review* thinks not, advancing that his use of Biblical names shows learning. "We read," says this authority, "of Adam, Eve, Abel, Cain, Noah, Japhet, Abraham, Jephthah, Jacob, Hagar, Joshua, Goliath, Samson, David, Solomon, the Queen of Sheba, Jezebel, Achitophel, Daniel, Job, Christ, Jesus, Luke, Peter, Paul, Lazarus," and some more. "The list might be greatly extended, but even these names involve close familiarity with the text." If the Adam and the Eve prove learning, Mr. Raleigh should, of course, reconsider his careful verdict. And there is mention of both Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, mind you! But let all laments about the decline of contemporary Scripture studies cease: we really live among a race of experts.

M. E.



THE WALLS OF JERICO. NOT AT THE GARRICK.

DRAWN BY H. C. SANDY.

THE LIMIT.



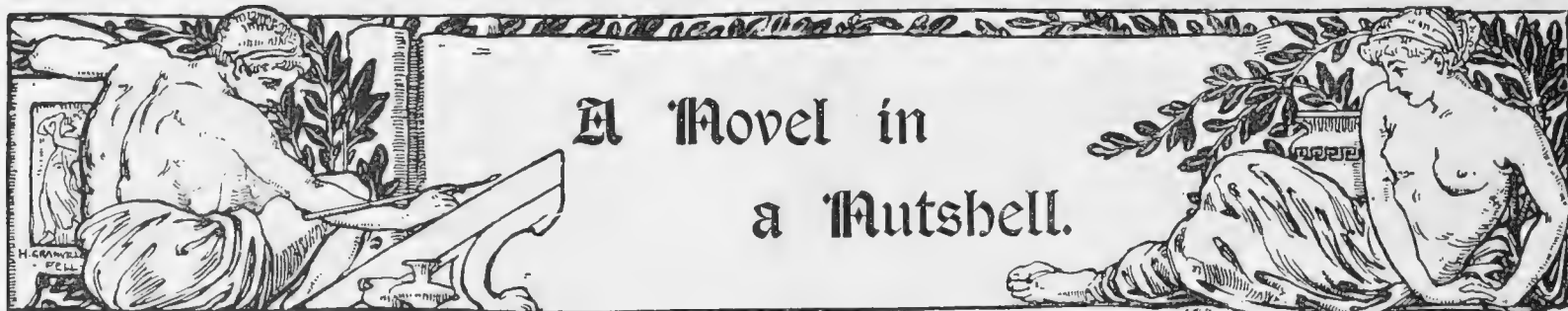
A STANDING JOKE.

"Come and have a sup o' ale, George."

"No, lad. I'se 'ad enough."

"'Ad enough! Why, thee art on thy legs!"

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



A Novel in a Nutshell.

CLAY FEET.

BY OWEN OLIVER.

"AND Marjeson?" Steel asked—old "Chunky" Steel, as we used to call him. I had run down to see him, after ten years, and we were calling the roll-call of our old friends.

"Married," I said briefly. I did not mean to say more, for he had been the nearer friend of the two; but Steel fixed his eyes on me. "He married money," I added slowly.

"And lived unhappily ever afterwards?" Steel suggested.

"I don't know. I never go there."

"Husband's friends not good enough for her?"

"Oh, no! It isn't that. She's civil enough. I think she's rather a good sort. It wasn't her fault—I suppose it was my own for making a little tin god of him."

"Ah!" Steel sighed. "Little tin gods always have clay feet, Johnny. I suppose he's no worse than the rest of us."

"The rest of us never pretended to be little tin gods. We were a little better than we made out, I think. Most decent men are." Steel nodded approvingly.

"We were shy of our virtues," he agreed.

"Marjeson wasn't. Do you remember how he preached to us about ideals and all that sort of thing? I can see him now, leaning forward in his chair!"

Steel shaded his eyes with his hand, as if the memory hurt him.

"Most of us have ideals when we are young. I remember that you and I were going to set the Thames on fire, Johnny. The Thames is still wet; and I am a comfortable country solicitor, and you are a comfortable stockbroker; and we're both growing stout, Johnny, confoundedly stout."

"Confoundedly stout," I agreed; "but I'm going in for golfing."

Steel notched a fresh cigar precisely, set it exactly in his mouth, and lit it carefully all round. It warmed my heart to see him do things in the same old methodical ways.

"A stout man was never a hero-worshipper yet," he pronounced, with his whimsical smile. "Perhaps the fault is in us."

"Perhaps. Do you remember how he declaimed against Gallo-way for saying that he meant to marry money? He married a governess in the end! It was worse than selling body and soul, Marjeson said. It was cheating the buyer as well. Hang it all, Chunky. We had a right to expect something better from Marjeson!"

"We expect too much of our heroes," said Steel. "It's all very well to grumble about the clay feet, but—Suppose they *have* clay feet. It's something to have the heroic bust, anyhow. If a hero had any sense—they never have!—he'd stick out his confounded clay feet first. Then we should worship him afterwards for his bust! I knew a fellow who did that—unconsciously, of course. He wasn't the kind to play up for admiration. It was over marrying for money, too. I'll tell you about it after you've met him. He's our doctor. You'll like the chap. Let's go and see if he's in."

We called on John Franklin, bachelor of surgery and doctor by courtesy, and found him at home, a handsome, happy-go-lucky giant, but shrewd for all his carelessness—a man who had seen the world and knew women and men.

I liked him, as Steel had predicted—who should know my likings if old Steel didn't!—and he seemed to like me. We'd go for a run in his motor on Sunday, and "have a spree," he proposed.

"While the cat's away!" he explained, with a nod at a photograph on the table—the portrait of a thin, pale-faced lady, with no pretensions to beauty. "Not that the mouse has any complaint to make," he added, with a laugh. "It is a good little cat!"

Then a patient called to see him, and he excused himself for a few moments. While he was out of the room Steel told me about it. This is the story—

She was Georgina Mason before she married, the only child of old Mason, the jam man. He left her all his money. A lot of fellows wanted to marry the money, but Georgie saw through them, and turned them all down. She was a clever girl, though she didn't look it, and had a mind of her own—a little *too* much mind for a woman. I rather liked her myself, but most men didn't. She had a wonderfully sharp edge to her tongue, and it grew sharper as she grew older. I suppose she got a bit soured. Women need a man to sweeten them—or children.

She always told me that she would never marry, and I half believed her. She "wouldn't be a mug thrown in with a pound of tea," was the way she used to put it; and the remark gives you a very fair idea of her style.

One day, about a year ago, she called to tell me that she had changed her mind. She didn't think any more of men, she informed me, but she thought less of herself.

"I'm beginning to find myself unbearable," she stated, "and I'd rather quarrel with someone else! A husband is obviously the proper person for the purpose."

"Who is he, Georgie?" I asked bluntly. It's no use wasting time over generalities with a woman.

"I thought of Dr. Franklin," she said, "but I want your opinion as my solicitor." She spoke as coolly as if she were buying a house—or a horse!

"Don't be a fool!" I said—you had to speak plainly to her in those days. "My opinion as a *friend* is that you've gone mad."

"I suppose you claim friendship so that you can be rude," she rejoined, tossing her head. She had a lot of airs and graces that would have been pretty in a pretty woman. "What is the matter with him?"

"There's nothing the matter with *him*," I said. "He's one of the best fellows I know; but he's an incorrigible flirt, and—look here, Georgie, I'm going to put it plainly. Is he in love with you?"

"I'll put it to *you* plainly," she retorted. "Are any of them? I suppose"—she laughed bitterly—"I'm not an easy person to fall in love with."

"Umph!" I said. "You're all right, if you'd give yourself a chance. You know what I mean, you—you acid little person! Whatever made you choose Franklin, of all people?"

"I prefer him."

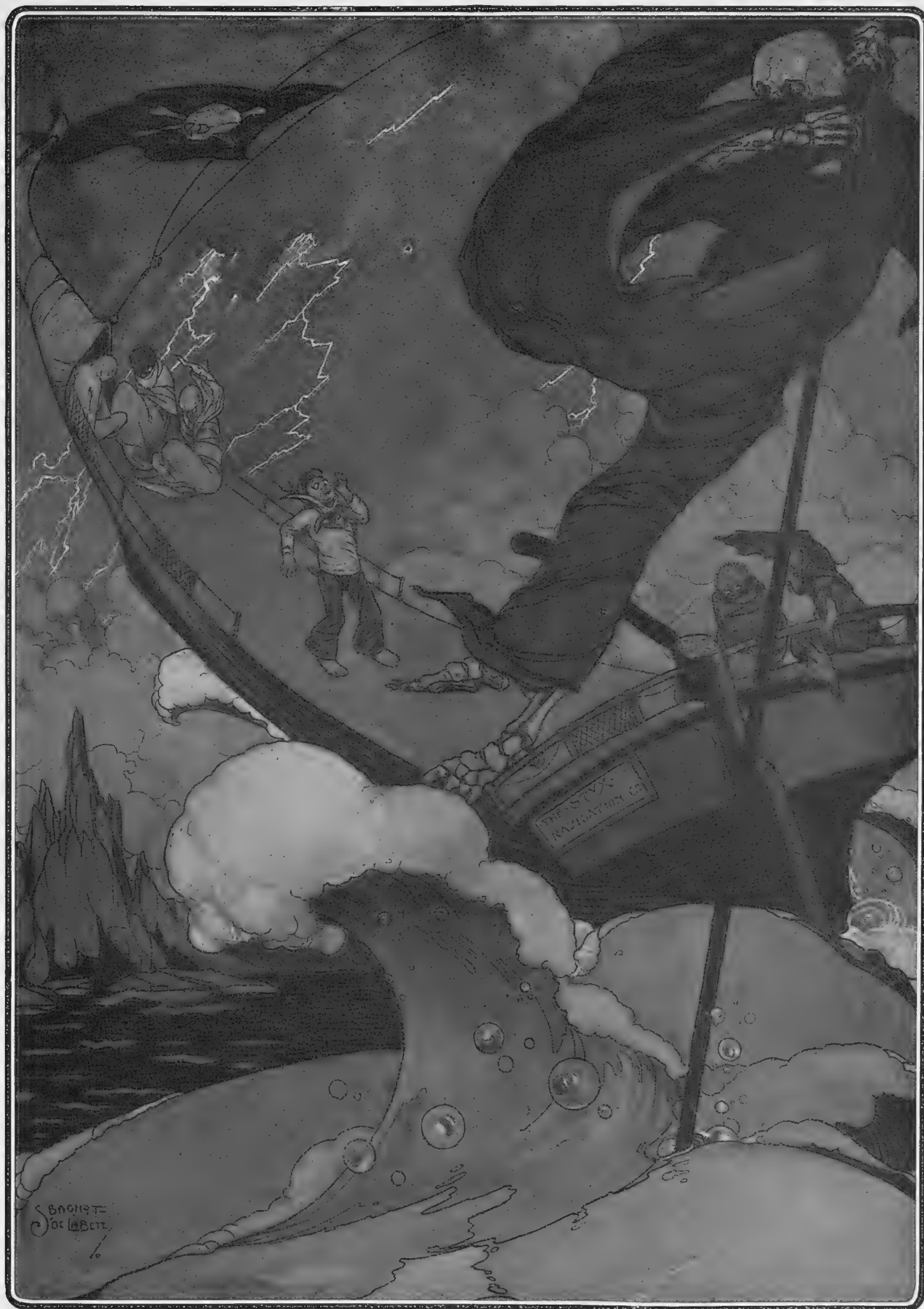
She shut her mouth with a snap. I knew further argument was useless. Look at her mouth in the photograph! So I only told her not to be a bigger fool than she could help, and to let me tie up her money properly. The next day I heard that they were engaged.

I must say that Franklin played the game with her. He was very attentive, and made a show of admiration, and he never flirted a bit after the engagement, though he was very popular with the girls. He was manly over it, too, and showed that, if he had sold himself, he hadn't sold his self-respect. He kept Miss Georgie in order and curbed her tongue. It did her a deal of good! She was frightfully gone on him, and would have jumped into the water if he had told her to. She wouldn't even give me particulars of her property at first to draw up a settlement. What was hers would be his, she said, and it didn't matter. And she called herself a business woman!

However, I spoke to him about it, and he put down his foot and said she must. So she undertook to get the details from her stockbroker and the manager of the jam-factory. She managed her

[Continued overleaf]

PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY.



"FOR A BRITISH TAR IS A SOARING SOUL."

THE HANDY MAN: 'Ere, gimme the pole, guv'nor, and see me knock a couple more knots out of her!

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERRE.

business herself, without consulting me. I believe she did it very well till she lost her head over Franklin; but a woman in love is—a woman!

She had arranged to bring the particulars at two o'clock one Tuesday, but she came at noon. I never saw a plucky woman so cut up in my life. She had been swindled, it appeared, and lost practically the lot.

"I don't want any pity," she declared, "but I want your help. Break it to—him; and let me get away first."

"But——" I began: but she snapped me up.

"You mean that he would hold to his bargain," she said scornfully. "Of course he would! He's a *man*! He'd even perjure himself and say he only wanted me. *Me*! I—I'm not worth having, perhaps"—she cried for a few seconds then; it was the only time—"but I'm better worth having than some people think. I'm not bad enough to force myself on him without any—any compensation. Tell him so to-morrow, after I'm gone."

I told him that afternoon, and he went to her—and perjured himself! She wouldn't listen to him, and rushed off to her aunt's. She sent him a note, asking him not to pain her by any further attempt at persuasion; and she sent me a note asking me to let people know that he had made the attempt, and had made it "very strongly, sincerely, and kindly." She wanted everyone to understand that he was "honourably free." She was leaving for the Continent on Friday, she wrote.

I thought this was the end of it; but that was when the hero appeared. Franklin went up to town on Thursday morning and got a special license, and arranged with a parson. On Friday morning he went to her aunt's house, and carried her off, almost by physical force, and married her. When he brought her home he worked like a Trojan at his doctoring, and now he's doing well. So perhaps it hasn't turned out so badly for him.

Anyhow the fellow's a gentleman. I don't know any man who is more attentive to his wife in public; and I imagine he's pretty decent to her in private, for she seems contented enough. In fact, marriage has improved her wonderfully, and she's grown almost popular. It's improved Franklin too. Trouble always does improve a man! Still, he could have married almost any girl in the town. And a man likes a pretty woman—even if he's heroic. I wonder if Marjeson——

He stopped abruptly, for Franklin returned, and we concluded the arrangements for Sunday. He had been longing for "a break-out" for ages, he declared, and we bachelors couldn't realise the effect of "a life sentence." "Even when the jaileress is a model one," he added, with a nod at the portrait. He always took pains to speak well of his wife, Steel assured me.

"The collar pinches a bit," Steel remarked, as we walked back to his house. "Georgie isn't a bad sort in her way, but——"

"But Franklin is a jolly good one," I pronounced. "I don't know that a man who marries for money is altogether to be envied, after all. I think I shall go and see Marjeson sometimes, poor old chap. *He*'ll be glad to have a spree, too, no doubt. There's one comfort. He can't preach to me now about his ideals."

"Ideals are troublesome things," Steel remarked, "but your own are worse than other people's. I remember sometimes how you and I—but we've outgrown them, Johnny. We're stout, confidently stout."

"Comfortably stout," I corrected; and we both laughed uproariously. It made me feel young and cheerful again to be with old Steel. You have to pick up friends at the beginning of your journey. They don't lie about the road afterwards.

This was on Friday. On Saturday we went to see a local cricket-match. Franklin was playing. (He had given up cricket for motoring with his wife since he married, Steel said, and only played because she was away.) He made 62 and took four wickets, and everybody was enthusiastic about his reappearance, and especially the girls. Pretty girls some of them were, and one who talked to us called him "poor Dr. Franklin."

In the evening he came to Steel's to play bridge, but the fourth failed us. So he sat and told us stories that made us hold our sides; and he laughed as heartily as we did.

"I haven't told them for nearly a year," he said, "so they amuse me. Now and then I try to bowdlerise one for Georgie—that's my wife, you know"—he looked at me—"and she makes a gallant effort to be amused." He roared at the recollection. "But, of course, she isn't. There's just one advantage that men have over women. They have a sense of humour. A woman hasn't. Did you ever know one buy a comic paper, for example? I never did."

Then he sat down to the piano and sang comic songs, songs that were really comic.

"It brings back the old bachelor days," he declared, when he had finished. "They're awful rubbish, of course, but—well, they're a change. I've been singing classical music lately. My wife is a good musician, and she thinks she has discovered that I have a voice. She's always discovering virtues in me. It's a hard life living up to all the virtues. But I suppose they grow by exercise."

Steel shook his head when Franklin had gone; and I shook mine.

"Poor old fellow!" he said; "poor old fellow! She means well by him, too. It's hard lines for her as well."

"He won't let her find out," I said. "He's too good a fellow."

But Steel shook his head again.

"A woman always finds out *that*," he insisted. "She doesn't let him know that she has found out. That's all. She's plucky. Poor old Georgie!"

I shook my head again.

"Poor old Franklin!" I corrected.

"Anyhow," Steel observed, "he'll be able to have a good time to-morrow. He'll know that *we* won't tell."

The next morning Franklin drove up in the snorting car punctually at nine, managing it like a professional. He laughed as usual, when we came out; but it struck me that he was not quite at ease.

"I say, you fellows," he asked rather sheepishly, "do you care very much which way we go?"

I nudged Steel and Steel nudged me. He had some old flame to look up, we thought.

"You shall choose," I offered. "It's your Sunday out."

"Well," he said slowly, "I was thinking that it's not a bad run to London. The roads are better, and—and my wife's aunt would give you lunch. She—she's staying there, you know. My wife, I mean."

We stared at each other for ten full seconds in blank amazement.

"I—we thought—you were going out for a spree?" Steel said at length.

Franklin flushed and laughed uneasily.

"Ye—es," he agreed, "but—I thought it would be rather a surprise for her."

I looked at Steel again, and Steel looked at me. There was such a thing as carrying self-sacrifice too far, we thought.

"She hasn't been gone a week," Steel said at length. "She won't miss you for one Sunday."

Franklin looked him quickly in the eyes and set his mouth firmly. (What a strong mouth it was!) Then he suddenly smiled.

"It is I who miss her," he said simply; and Steel drew a deep breath; and they stared at each other.

"I'm glad it's like that, old man," said Steel presently. "I—I thought—let's shake hands."

They shook hands; and I shook hands; and then—we broke the speed-limit all the way to London.

Mrs. Franklin was sitting at the window reading when we drove up. I thought her a pale, severe, unprepossessing woman, till he tooted the horn, and she looked up. Then she dropped the book and laughed and ran. He jumped out of the car and ran too. She was flushed and smiling and positively good-looking when she came forward to greet us.

"How *very* kind you are to let Jim come and see me!" she said. "How *very*, *very* kind!"

"I can understand now why he was so anxious to come," I told her; and she laughed merrily.

"I am not used to being flattered," she said. "So I like it very much! Mr. Steel thought that Jack was quite heroic to marry me."

"And now I think he's only—happy," said Steel. There was a very kind look about his eyes.

When I returned to town I called to see Marjeson. I told him I had been down with Steel; and that led us on to old times; and at last I asked him about his ideals; and he shrugged his shoulders.

"Ideals are fragile things, Johnny," he said. "They get broken. But"—he leaned forward in his old impulsive way—"there's one for keeping; just one for every man, if he can find it. I've found mine, thank heaven!" He picked up a little photograph from his table—the photograph of Mrs. Marjeson!

After all, she is a pretty little woman; and a man might easily like her without her money. I ought to have thought of that before, knowing Marjeson!

Mrs. Marjeson noticed the change in my grasp when I shook hands with her, and smiled up at me quickly. She is a very bright little thing.

"Yes?" she asked.

"I have found out something, Mrs. Marjeson," I owned; "but please don't ask me!"

"No," she agreed. "I won't ask you—Some day you will meet someone, and then you will find out how little money is—I shall laugh if *she* has money."

"I shall be able to laugh too," I said, "if she is like you."

She was. It was Mrs. Marjeson's sister. I met her there that very evening and proposed within the week. She smiled at me when they told her this story.

"I am glad you have clay feet," she said. "Enough of earth for loving!" she added, when we had walked away from the rest.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

SIR SAMUEL MONTAGU'S new title, that of Lord Swaytling, is derived from his Hampshire estate. It is almost too euphonious, one would think, and carries with it the rural suggestion of the swish of the mower's scythe laying low the long grass. But it must be remembered that he could not become Lord Montagu, for not only is that title appropriated by the popular automobilist Peer who founded and edits the *Car*, but both the Duke of Manchester and Lord Sandwich possess Baronies of Montagu. Two of the other new Peers, Sir James Blyth and Mr. Peckover, have very sensibly adopted their own names, electing to be known as Lord Blyth of Blythwood (not Blythswood) and Lord Peckover of Wisbech. The question is whether Sir James Kitson will follow their example and become Lord Kitson.

The Champions of the Suffragettes. The Suffragettes are fortunate in possessing the zealous championship of some of the most distinguished of living writers and artists. This was shown at the meeting held last week, when the great "G. B. S." himself, flanked

by his late opponent, Mr. Israel Zangwill, and ably seconded by Mr. Walter Crane, spoke at a men's meeting on the subject. That Mr. Shaw should wish to give Superman her vote, and so direct her energies elsewhere than to the pursuit of her legitimate quarry, is perhaps natural; but one wonders what converted Mr. Crane. To be a "Feminist" has long been among the privileges of Continental men of genius; Victor Hugo was all for giving his countrywomen even greater

power than they now possess, and both Tolstoy and Anatole France, to quote

two widely differing apostles of thought—would like to see men and women absolutely equal before the law.

The Inevitable Consequence. Another of the County Council steamers has been butting into a pillar of one of the bridges. The captains of this fleet might just as well recognise it now as later that the pillars have come to stay, whatever may happen to the fleet, and no pressure of this sort will induce them to move. Besides, there is to be had in remembrance a retort of Sir John Fowler, who, we may take it, knew as much as most men about the matter of bridges. He was interested professionally in one which was under criticism while he was in the witness-box. "Now, tell me," said a persistent counsel who was opposing the construction of the bridge, "supposing that two of the largest vessels in the Imperial

Navy were to collide beneath this structure of yours, what would be the result? Let us have a candid answer." "I imagine," answered Sir John, "I imagine that both the captains would be dismissed the service for gross incompetence!"

No Spinsters Need Apply!

A married women's ball is the latest social sensation, and the idea, full of ill omen for the pretty debutante and popular spinster of more mature age, owed its birth to Lady Colebrooke and Mrs. George Keppel. The twin hostesses chose the Ritz Hotel as the scene of their operations, and they hit on the hospitable device of entertaining the whole of their guests at dinner before the dance. Brides seem to have been at a premium. It would be interesting to know whether bachelors were excluded.

An Aerial Warship.

Parisians were surprised at the apparition of a tremendous cigar-shaped balloon with a cover of yellow silk which hovered over their fair city the other morning. There was a crew of military aeronauts in the car beneath the balloon. The airship sailed

grandly over Paris at an altitude of about three hundred yards, then, when a complete reconnaissance had been made, "La Patrie," which is the name of the aerostat, turned about and went quietly home again. This was to Chalais-Meudon, where is the military aerostatic park. Here is a triumph of balloon construction. It is the more remarkable because the wind was blowing with a certain freshness in the opposite direction

but "La Patrie" came about like a real ship of war and tacked home against

the breeze. Meanwhile, Santos-Dumont is making experiments with another kind of aerial locomotive, the aeroplane. He has dropped the gasbag in favour of the sail. Well, we shall see what comes of it, but it seems likely that in fifty years every man will have his airship, just as now he has his motor.

Honour for a Great Botanist. Sir Joseph Hooker, who has just received the Order of Merit from the King, on his ninetieth birthday, is still a wonderfully hale and vigorous old man. He is a great traveller, and has undergone terrible hardships both amid the ice-floes of the Antarctic and on the burning plains of India. For many years he was the Director of Kew Gardens, in which office he succeeded his father. He is not a lineal descendant of the famous divine, known as the "Judicious" Hooker, about whom so many pleasant jokes have been made, but he comes of the same vital stock.



THE OLDEST WOMAN IN AMERICA:
MRS. MARY WOOD, AGED 120.

Mrs. Wood's age is vouched for by authentic records.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



THE COUNTESS OF ROSSLYN.

The Countess of Rosslyn, who is the Earl's second wife, was Miss Anna Robinson, an American actress, who was married to the Earl of Rosslyn on March 20, 1905. She played first in London at the Criterion in the part of a rich American widow. The Countess is petitioning for divorce.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



THE EARL OF ROSSLYN.

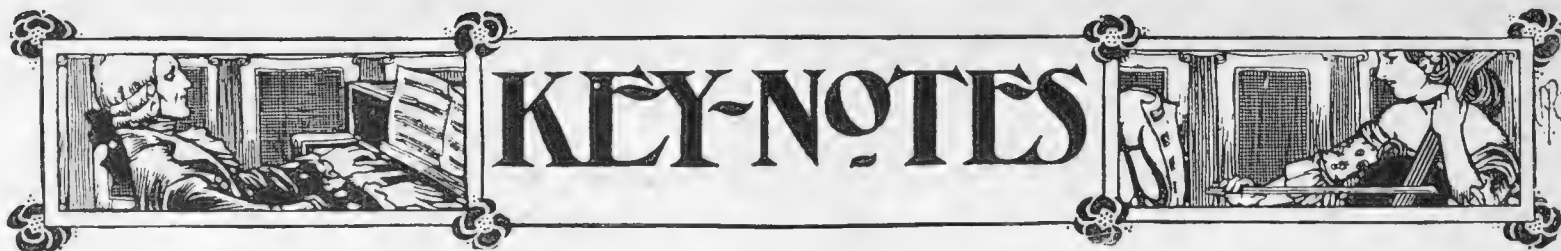
The Earl of Rosslyn is not yet forty, but has had a remarkable career. He got through his patrimony at great rate, and then earned his living as bank clerk, actor, lieutenant of Thorneycroft's Horse during the War, and engineer of a marvellous scheme that was to break the bank at Monte Carlo.

Photograph by Ellis and Watery.



A CURIOUS WAY TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED: THE
QUEEN OF GREECE LOOKING THROUGH HER
LORGNETTE.

Photograph by Böhringer.



MISS FANNY DAVIES is one of those rare pianists who appeal in an equal degree to the public and to musicians. In these days, when so many players before the public deliberately court applause by an exhibition of the most superficial side of their art, Miss Davies devotes her great intellectual equipment to the best service of music; she is always intent upon the discovery of fresh fields for musical expression, and their development to the full extent of a very considerable talent. A pupil of Madame Schumann, to whom her style is very deeply indebted, Miss Davies has been before the British public for more than twenty years, and in that time has roused enthusiasm among the highly critical audiences of Leipzig and Berlin. As an interpreter of Schumann, Mendelssohn, and Brahms, she stands almost alone among women players, and last week, at Steinway Hall, she proved to a delighted audience that she has found time to study old English and modern French composers and to bring to their work the gift of imagination and the qualities of tone-colour and the fine phrasing that have made her interpretations of German masters so satisfying to the most exigent audiences. It is matter for regret that Miss Davies is not heard more often in London, for she has inherited the best traditions of pianoforte-playing and obtains all her effects legitimately. She seems to remember that the pianoforte is not a full orchestra; it is a pity that this elementary fact is not borne in mind by some of her brilliant contemporaries who love to fill the public eye and deafen the public ear.

The pupils of the famous brothers De Reszke have been very much before the public in the past few weeks, and though we have not been able to join in the rather noisy outburst of praise that has fallen to the lot of Mlle. de Morival, there is no doubt that the lady's public performances have secured many friends for her. A new soprano, Miss Osca Marah, a pupil of MM. de Reszke, made her first appearance last week at the Bechstein Hall, and displayed considerable talent. She has a soprano voice of ample volume and pleasant quality, but, like so many young singers, she advances rather too hastily to the conquest of her high notes, and at the top of her voice the quality of the tone is not very pure. We have often noticed that sopranos, when they are singing in the very modern work of the Italian school, are compelled to sacrifice sweetness to strength, but

Miss Marah did not have the excuse that comes to those who are interpreting the music of Leoncavallo, Puccini, and Giordano, for her greatest efforts were made in Meyerbeer's music, and the Berlin composer, for all his many shortcomings, was better equipped than many of his predecessors in writing for the voice. He was too clever to seek for big effects at his singers' expense. M. Edouard de Reszke joined Miss Marah in a duet from "Les Huguenots," and sang Vulcan's fine song from Gounod's "Philemon et Baucis." Perhaps Miss Marah has not been studying very long. She would be well advised, if she has great ambitions, to prolong the period of study, in order to get a better result in her highest register. When the top notes present no difficulty, or when that difficulty can be concealed from the audience, she will be a first-class singer, and may be heard to advantage in Grand Opera.

Catalani's three-act opera, "Loreley," has been produced at Covent Garden with moderate success. The story is a good one, and it may be said in passing that the English version of the libretto, prepared by Mr. Alfred Kalisch, is a vast improvement upon the average English version that does duty at Covent Garden. The music is now nearly twenty years old, and is not as interesting as that of the composer's last opera, "La Wally," which is a great favourite in the opera-houses of Italy. It is strangely reminiscent of Wagner. One has constant reminders of the music of "Rheingold," "Lohengrin," and "Meistersinger," but it would be hard for any modern composer to deal in music with a legend of the Rhine without reminding us of the great composer of the "Nibelungen Ring." It might be added that if Wagner influenced Catalani, the latter in his turn has influenced young Italy; some of his tricks of orchestration have been made familiar to us in twentieth-century operas that are likely to enjoy a greater measure of favour in this country than "Loreley"

can look for. The composer handled his choruses with exceptional skill, and he wrote with more consideration for the singers than is customary to-day; but the moments of genuine musical inspiration are few and far between, and cleverness of treatment has often to come to the rescue of thematic material that is not in itself of a very high order. There are two considerable parts for soprano and one apiece for tenor, baritone, and bass; while there are charming dances in the second and third acts for peasants and water-nymphs.

COMMON CHORD.



THE COMPOSER OF "FÉDORA," SIGNOR UMBERTO GIORDANO.

"Fedora" has been produced this season at Covent Garden. The composer was photographed outside the Savoy.

Photograph by Halfones.



HONOURED BY THE KING: THE WELSH LADIES' CHOIR, WHO SANG BEFORE THE KING ON BOARD THE ROYAL YACHT AT CARDIFF.

The choir, honoured by his Majesty's command to sing on board the royal yacht during the King's visit to Cardiff, is conducted by Madame Hughes Thomas.—[Photograph by Taylor.]



THE SOUTH HARTING HILL CLIMB—THE QUESTION OF HANDICAPPING—RANGING STEAM AGAINST PETROL—THE CLEMENT-TALBOT CARS—
A BROOKLANDS RETROSPECT—JARROTT AND EDGE'S RECORD.

THE hill-climb at South Harting, carried out by the Royal Automobile Club last Wednesday, is promoted annually for a reason other than that of developing pure speed up hill. It is held mainly for the purpose of obtaining data and for testing the effects of the R.A.C. formula for handicapping and of other

24 cwt. 3 qr. and twenty-eighth in order of time, third; the 20-h.p. Talbot, weighing 30 cwt. and twenty-ninth in order of time, fifth; the 27½-h.p. Talbot, weighing 26½ cwt. and eleventh in point of time, seventh; the 18-h.p. Talbot, weighing 25 cwt. and twenty-sixth in order of time, ninth—really, as a whole, a marvellously consistent performance. The 27-h.p. Talbot was driven by Viscount Ingestre.



A GODSEND FOR THE POLICE: AN AUTOMETER TO CATCH BREAKERS OF THE SPEED-LIMIT.

The autometer is a giant register with a dial recording speed. It lines up with a motor that is supposed to be going too fast, and keeps pace with it. The register tells whether the speed is beyond the limit or not. If the malign intention of the machine were less obvious it might be more successful, but as it could not be mistaken at a mile's distance offenders would be forewarned.

Photograph by P.-F. Press Bureau.

formulae. The competition of last week was open to cars which complied with the following conditions: cylinder-diameter in inches squared when multiplied by the number of cylinders did not exceed 151, or fall below 45, and to steam vehicles the maximum brake horse-power of whose engines for a given period had been ascertained by the Club and found within the limits of corresponding maximum brake horse-power of the internal-combustion engines. The handsome perpetual trophy connected with this highly interesting event is the gift of the *Automotor Journal*.

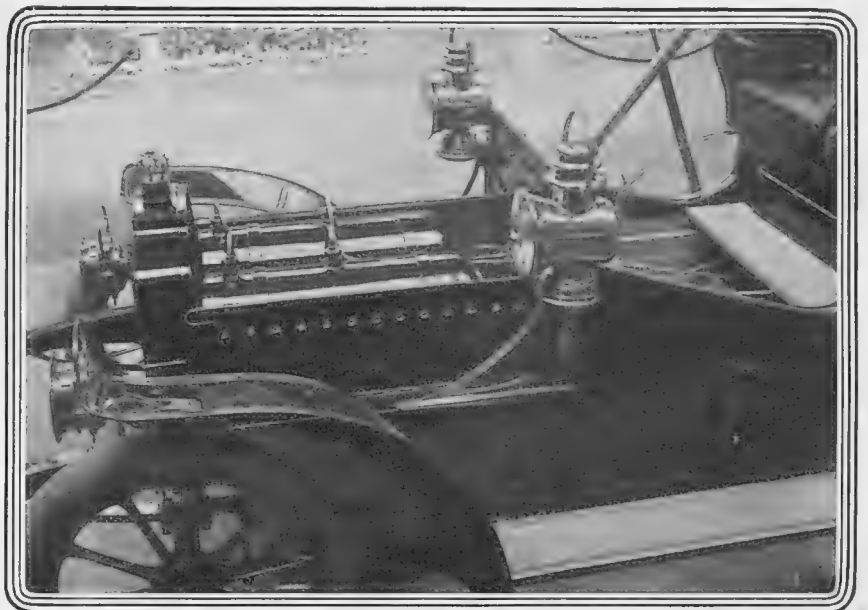
In the matter of pure speed, the 60-h.p. six-cylinder Napier made the fastest ascent of the hill, but under the handicap conditions this car did not appear in the first thirteen cars, whereas the so-called 30-h.p. White Steam Car, which won the handicap outright, was only four seconds slower than the big Napier driven by Mr. Cecil Edge. It is also interesting to know that while the White weighed 38 cwt. 1 qr., the Napier was 4 cwt. 1 qr. lighter. In making the handicap awards, the weight of the car, the rating of the engine, the length and height of the hill, together with the speed at which the car performs, are all given their due values, and it is a somewhat intricate calculation which determines the car's position in the handicap.

But while the leading honours went to the White car (and in connection with this placing, the extreme difficulty of adequately ranging cars driven by steam with cars propelled by internal-combustion engines in what is, after all, a sprint must be borne in mind), the achievements of the Clement-Talbot cars invite special attention. To realise the all-round excellence of the performances of these cars it is necessary to remember that no fewer than forty-three cars actually competed for the Yellow Trophy, and that six of this number were Clement-Talbot cars of various powers and weights. Now, of these six, five are placed in the first handicap thirteen, the 24½-h.p. Talbot, weighing 31 cwt. and being twenty-first in order of time, being placed second; the 18-h.p. Talbot, weighing

The two remaining events were open to members of the A.A.C. and the Sussex County A.C. only. The first was confined to cars in which the Club cylinder formula did not work out at a figure exceeding 65, and the second at a figure not exceeding 40. The former contest was won by that remarkably smart little car, the so-called 18-h.p. Germain, with Hutton's Berliet second, and the 25-h.p. Arrol-Johnston, very cleverly handled by Ernest A. Rosenheim, a good third. The latter climb fell to the little-known 15-h.p. Lindsay, the 12-h.p. Alldays being second, and the 15-h.p. Singer, a car which has not hitherto appeared much in competitions, third. A very heavy but, happily, brief thunderstorm swept the hill-side during the latter part of the proceedings, but the rainfall made but little difference to the road-surface, which the local road authority had put into excellent order for the occasion.

Just what happened at the New Brooklands Motor Racing Track last Saturday week is now more or less ancient history. The winners of the various curiously named events are widely known, and even the marvellous Jarrott-Dietrich and Newton-Napier dead heat has joined the long list of nine-day wonders. But the paying probabilities, and the ultimate success of the venture, are still very much under discussion, and I am bound to say that the balance of opinion as it reaches me is not favourable.

I sympathise most cordially with my old friend Charles Jarrott, who is now denied the promised opportunity of going for Mr. S. F. Edge's lately piled up twenty-four hours' record. Although Mr. Jarrott booked the track for July 12 and 13 in order to make the attempt, the Brooklands management has now informed him that because of the inconvenience and annoyance to the inhabitants of Weybridge and Byfleet, and because the surface of the track



A CARBONIC-ACID MOTOR.

At the Berlin Exhibition of Small Industries one of the most interesting exhibits is an automobile driven by carbonic-acid gas, instead of the explosion of petrol vapour. The two cylinders shown are reservoirs containing carbonic acid. The stroke of the pistons is made with the utmost economy of gas, which is not allowed wholly to escape after each stroke, but is returned to the reservoir for further use. The greatest danger is that of explosion in case of collision. The power varies with the size of the cylinder.

Photograph by Frankl.

has proved too freshly laid fully to withstand the continuous strain of the cars running over it for twenty-four hours, they cannot abide by their original arrangement.

("The Man on the Car" is continued on a later page.)

THE WORLD OF SPORT

SANDOWN—THE PLUNGERS—FUTURE EVENTS.

THERE will be a great gathering at Sandown Park on Friday and Saturday for the Eclipse Meeting. The course at Esher just now is in capital going order, and the scene is one to look upon and wonder how such a lovely spot can be found so near to London town. The stand and ring improvements are nearly completed, in view of the first Bank Holiday meeting, that is to be held on the course in August. The half-crown ring is now capable of holding some thousands of spectators, and the stands are spick-and-span, while additional refreshment-bars will add to the comfort of visitors. The race for the Eclipse Stakes is not likely to provoke much speculation, as Sancy apparently bars the way. But even Sancy is not destined to take a place in racing history such as that held by some past winners—notably Bendigo, Orme, Ayrshire, Isinglass, Persimmon, Flying Fox, and last, but not least, Ard Patrick. The race between the last-named and Sceptre will live long in the memory of real sportsmen. It took place in 1903, and Darling was certain that Ard Patrick would beat Sceptre more easily than he had done in the Derby. But the public fastened on to Sceptre, with the result that the followers of the Beckhampton stable had a good market. Ard Patrick won after a very fine race by a neck amidst a scene of enthusiasm only equalled when Orme won the race for the late Duke of Westminster. Fields for the race have not been large. Bendigo beat eleven opponents in the year it was first run—1886. In 1888 Orbit beat twelve opponents, and Epsom Lad (a rum winner, by the bye) did the same in 1901. There were twelve runners when Cheers won in 1902, but only four ran when St. Frusquin won in 1896, and there were five starters when Flying Fox was successful in 1899.

One or two of the venturesome young bloods who fancy themselves at finding winners have taken what is known as "the order of the knock" lately. There is no royal road to fortune on the Turf, and the get-rich-quick system is not one to be encouraged. The professional plungers, who hold their own against all comers, never bet for the sake of having a bet. They only gamble on information which is sometimes good and sometimes bad. The late Mr. R. H. Fry once told me there was hardly a pin to choose between the professional layer and the professional backer. If anything, the backer had the best of the information, as he knew the non-tries as well as the triers. I wish to make myself clearly understood. The professional backers, as a rule, work the betting commissions for the owners, and they rightly conclude, if a horse is not backed, he is not fit. But the amateur plunger goes to work in very different fashion. As a rule, he is plied with information by very capable hangers-on, who trade on hearsay and nothing more. Directly the plunger gets into the clutches of the

ring—and he is bound to sooner or later—he has to put up with pinched prices, with the chance of being refused any price against an animal having an undeniable chance. The result is that, with the desire to have a bet, he backs an outsider to bring down the good thing. The consequence is, of course, disastrous to the merry punter. The ring would not let an influential plunger with good connections

go under if they could possibly help it; but the hangers-on of the Turf badger him so terribly, until at last he is compelled, in sheer self-defence, to throw up the sponge and retire to another part of the globe. Professional plungers do not act quite like this in their bad moments. One well-known professional backer lost £18,000 at the Epsom Summer Meeting some years ago. He was worth £20,000 at the time, so he decided to take the knock, leave the Turf, and buy an annuity with his £20,000.

It is expected that the race for the Stewards' Cup this year will provoke plenty of speculation, as several horses have been specially saved for the race. I walked the Goodwood course last week, and found everything in capital order. The park just now is looking lovely, and for the benefit of the curious I can add that the Duke of Richmond has replaced the old wooden gate at the Chichester end lodge with a fine pair of iron gates. But to the Stewards' Cup. Milford Lad, trained by Fallon, is the great street-corner tip. This horse used to be trained by the late W. Marnes, and was always useful at six furlongs. Sourdine, the French horse trained by Gilpin, is fancied. He is very likely to go close. Of Alfred Day's lot—he has half-a-dozen engaged—Sophron may be the best, but he is bad at the gate, although, it should be added, he gets off well enough for the little boy Walter Griggs. A horse that people are waiting for is Pieman, trained in the North of England. He ran unplaced, being well backed for the Wokingham Stakes at Ascot, but ran away with the Tadworth Plate (six furlongs) at Epsom.

He is by Perigord—Audrey, and is evidently very fast. Hill-sprite, who so sadly disappointed Darling in the Royal Hunt Cup, is entered here. He had no fewer than ten engagements at Ascot, so something must have been thought of him at one time of day. The colt has, however, been under suspicion. Another disappointment is Love Song, trained by Schwind. The course should

suit the son of Love Wisely. Great Scot is talked about for the Goodwood Plate and for the Cesarewitch. The last-named race is very likely to be won by Noctuidiform, if he is worth keeping in training. The Orby people are very sanguine about winning the St. Leger, and it is said Malua, if not overweighted, will go close for the Cambridgeshire.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



THE KAISER AS A TENNIS-PLAYER: HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY AFTER A GAME AT KIEL.

It is quite well known that the Kaiser does everything; but it has not occurred to many people that he is a tennis-player. During his recent visit to Kiel the Emperor played tennis. His Imperial Majesty was photographed just when he left the court after a game, and had stopped to speak to a party of French people.

Photograph by Chusseau-Flaviens.



YACHTING ON LAND: SAILING BICYCLES AGAINST THE MOTOR.

This curious race was run on an American beach, and with a fair wind the sailing bicycles gave a good account of themselves against the car.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

A Leafy Picnic. In these days of complete latitudinarianism in dress—when it is no rare spectacle to meet a hairy gentleman in the street clad in one simple robe and a rope, and fair ladies make no ado of showing their bare feet in sandals—the only garment which you must not wear is the primitive and primordial garment made of leaves. For appearing in this elegant disguise at a picnic in Iowa, U.S.A., several gentlemen, it seems, were arrested by minions of the law. Yet closely sewn leaves make a most complete covering, and are at once economical and effective. The late Sir Henry Irving was buried under a pall composed entirely of laurel-leaves, so thickly interwoven as to resemble the scales of a fish or a suit of mediæval armour, and it is patent that the most seemly suits of clothes might be manufactured in the same manner for those who are in love with the verdure of the woods, and who are laudably anxious not to “run up” a tailor’s bill. It was passably heroic of the gentlemen at the American picnic to put on vesture so inconsiderable in weather so intemperate as that of this so-called summer; and surely their cheerful optimism should have been rewarded in other fashion than ignominious arrest at the hands of an unimaginative constabulary. But the Idealists of this world must always suffer, even when they follow a classic fashion, which was inaugurated in the Garden of Eden.

Yvette and the Dramatist. Mlle. Yvette Guilbert, who has been giving farewell recitals, has been having her say about dramatic authors. This distinguished lady holds them extremely cheap, and thinks that the mummer does more than half the work of a stage-play, and scores all the success for the author. Moreover, it is humiliating to learn that dead dramatists are the only ones whom actors like, for with them there are no “unpleasantnesses.” In the course of her argument, Mlle. Guilbert declares that plays are very tiresome to read, while a good piece is always interesting on the stage. That, I think, depends on the dramatist. The person who finds “Henry IV.” or “As You Like It” tiresome to read must have a peculiar order of intelligence; on the other hand, we have most of us been bored to tears with the “well-made play” of commerce, played, at the theatre, with all the resources of the actor’s art. A welcome suggestion of Mlle. Guilbert’s, however, is that of a theatre of improvisers, in which the actors will enter the arena and the audience will “suggest to them certain actions to simulate, certain characters to create.” Could this plan be carried out by great artists, it would be extraordinarily interesting, and Mlle. Yvette Guilbert herself would be an improvisatore of the first distinction. The long play, dragged out over four hours and treating of one single theme, has become out of date in these hurried times, and not a doubt of it but the theatre with three or four short pieces will have the public of the future.

The Tyranny of the Decorator.

The decoration of houses has fallen of late largely into the hands of ladies, and some of them have deservedly made so profitable and successful a career out of it that amateurs in hundreds are now rushing into the field. Yet the amateur decorator rushes in where eminent architects almost fear to tread—so intimate and delicate a thing is the final arrangement of the interior of a beautiful home. Many Englishwomen possess an innate sense of

beauty and appropriateness in their interior surroundings, just as they have long known the secret of beautiful gardens. Yet even to one of these experts I would not give up my own house to do with as she willed. Quite recently a certain citizen hired a charming flat, but was weak enough to call in the aid of two charming and artistic sisters to give him advice in its embellishment. Nothing loth, they did so; but they now look upon that flat as their own. The owner may not move a sofa, hang a picture on the wall, or place a photograph on the mantelpiece without incurring their censure. He has several treasured heirlooms which he would like to have in sight, but as these objects do not “go” with the scheme of decoration, they are ruthlessly banished from human ken. Manlike, he would also like to possess a bookshelf, but, as his young friends chose the period of Louis XVI. for his sitting-room, he is not allowed one—for whoever heard of that unfortunate monarch having a taste for literature? That citizen has confided to me that he means to make a secret flitting, take a set of chambers in the Temple with an “oak” which he can “sport,” and decorate for himself.

The Willy Finn.

The husband of the Finnish M.P. who recently attempted suicide because his wife only allowed him sixpence a day has not only provided the scoffers with an irresistible argument against woman’s suffrage, but has voiced the great and inalienable right of every able-bodied male to be supported by his wife. Now, the lady had been duly elected to the Finnish Parliament, and was in receipt of a modest salary for her political services. Shall a Finn—or any other man—sit down servilely and earn his living and that of his children when their

mother is a salaried Member of Parliament? The thing, of course, is inconceivable, and leaves one thoughtful as to the complications which will ensue when democracy has come into its own, and even in this island there may be “paid Members” in petticoats. Up to about thirty years ago Woman took up the attitude of the “Bander Log” in Mr. Kipling’s poem, and when she could evade it, refused to work or to support anyone; but now that she has definitely invaded man’s sphere, it is certain that this wily Finn—who did not, it appears, commit suicide very seriously—is only the first of a long line of husbands who will demand their right to be not only fed by the hand of, but at the expense of, their lawful wives. In short, a new terror has been added to matrimony.



A SMART AFTERNOON GOWN.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the “Woman-about-Town” page.)

[Copyright.]

THE WOMAN ABOUT-TOWN.

THE difference that sunshine and genial warmth make to summer frocks is at last seen and appreciated. They have been worn throughout the season, for brave women dressed to the calendar and not to the climate. Only now, however, do they really fit in properly with the general scheme. A white muslin dress, such as that shown in the illustration on "Woman's Ways"



AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

worn, trimmed with 'Paradise-birds' plumes. A white sunshade, with a trellis border in pale harebell-blue satin ribbon, completed a garden-party costume which was good to look upon.

With the last State Ball this week, the tale of Court functions for the season will be complete, and there will be but a few final flares-up of the social torch before it is extinguished so far as town is concerned. There is the after of Goodwood and Cowes, and then everyone goes off holiday-making after their own will. So far as dress is concerned, outfits for holiday-making are most on the minds of men and women alike. It is, perhaps, the one point in matters of dress where men are just as keenly interested as we are. For Scotland, at least a couple of coats and skirts of good Scotch tweed are absolute necessities. There are many long-skirted, semi-fitting coats still being made, but I notice that the favourites are short, loose, straight-fronted, and tight in at the back. These, accurately tailor-built and of tweed in smart colour, are charming. Game-bird mixtures are still in favour. There is a strong feeling, however, for plain colours, and, most effectual dyes having been found, the result is quite satisfactory. They stand the weather just as well as the mixtures. Light blues and greens tone, of course, but the real sportswoman likes them all the better for that. Brand-new bright colours have a "tenderfoot" look about them among the moors and the rivers.

The sunshine we are enjoying is, the weather prophets assure us, the precursor of some summer weather. What a Te Deum our spirits sing for it. That it has been worth while going without it for so long to realise our enjoyment of it now is an exaggeration, but like all such, "there's truth in't!" Very clever it is of J. Grossmith and Son to introduce a delicious new perfume at this juncture. A friend came in looking like an embodiment of summer, and wafting round a subtle sweetness delightfully suggestive to the senses of *dolce far niente* in a garden filled with odorous blossoms—not a strong scent, but soft and languorous, like the breath from flowers in the open. It was "Shem-el-Nessim," the scent of Araby. I think it will become a cult, and all facilities for making it so are provided. There are powder, dentifrice, toilet-water, and soap, all the same captivating perfume. Nowadays, when a woman adopts a scent, she identifies it with herself, and instead of going about reeking of fresh concoctions every week, she has always about her a delicate suggestion of her particular pet perfume. "Shem-el-Nessim" will soon occupy this proud position to many a lady of quality. It can only be successfully so identified by using it for all toilet requisites and having the dainty little sachets of it in dresses and drawers. It has just the unobtrusive, delicate yet decided sweetness that fits it for its part in my lady's toilet. Messrs. Grossmith offer to send a sample of "Shem-el-Nessim" perfume and soap and a copy of Grossmith's Toilet Guide on receipt of three penny stamps to cover packing and postage.

page, looks cold, lifeless, uninteresting when the skies are leaden and the air is chill. On a bright afternoon, in the neighbourhood of Portman Square, at a garden party in one of those sylvan oases left here and there in our London desert of bricks and mortar, it was a charming sight. Above the tuck at the hem were three frills of lace, and then a lattice-work in pale harebell lilac silk. A similar lattice arranged round the fichu-like folds on the bodice, enclosing a dainty chemisette of lace, and forming bands to the soft sleeves, looked dainty and effective. With it a black crinoline straw hat was

A woman's jewels are always an anxiety to her. Every day something occurs to show how unsafe it is to carry them about. The best solution of the difficulty lies in the lovely things made by the Parisian Diamond Company. Absolutely beautiful in design, their jewels are rare and lovely. An example of one of their latest pendants in diamonds and emeralds illustrates what I say. Naturally, these ornaments are precious too. If, however, they are stolen or lost, they are not irreplaceable.

No man wants his smoke to be all Latakia, but this tobacco has such a marked flavour that in buying an ordinary mixture, so called, you will probably get a little Virginia tobacco and a little Latakia—and nothing else. If you take a pinch of the "Luntin Mixture" and spread it out upon a piece of paper, you will not fail to notice that it is made up of many different kinds of tobacco.

If you want to take portraits of your relations and friends that look really natural, and are free from that studied, unreal look that so many portraits have, then the "Ticka," by Houghton, Glasgow, will secure them for you. You can wear the "Ticka" at one end of your watch-chain or carry it loose in your pocket. You can conceal the "Ticka" in the palm, so that nobody will suspect you of taking photographs. It is not a toy, but a beautiful scientific instrument.

The London and South-Western Railway Company announce their summer service from London to Paris and the Continent, via Southampton, Havre, and picturesque Normandy, through Rouen. There are additional sailings from Southampton to the French coast for Normandy and Brittany, in connection with which circular tour tickets are issued from Waterloo, available for two months, covering the principal places of interest in these picturesque parts. Fourteen-days' cheap excursion-tickets are issued on certain weekdays to St. Malo, Cherbourg, Trouville, Caen, Rouen, Etretat, Havre, etc. A guide to "Quiet Holiday Resorts in Normandy and Brittany" will be sent free on application to Mr. Henry Holmes, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E.



A THREAT.

"When I'm a big man like you, daddy, do you know what I shall do? I'll go to a shop and buy a tart and eat all the jam and throw the crust away!"

DRAWN BY CHARLES PEARS.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on July 29.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"CONSIDERING all things——"

"All what things, Brokie?"

"Oh, the weather, and the holidays, and the overdose of gilt-edged stocks, and the Government——"

"I thought you'd come to that," said The Jobber.

"Considering all things, business might be worse," finished The Broker.

"It might be better, and still not kill us with overwork," his confrère commented.

"But markets are looking up?" The Banker interrogated.

"They are, I admit," and The Broker smoothed his newspaper thoughtfully. "People begin to see that we are cheap."

"Happily put," murmured The Merchant.

The Engineer said he considered money would have to get cheaper before the Stock Exchange became really busy.

"True, O King," cried The City Editor. "And money won't get cheap this side of September."

"Don't you be any too sure about that," The Jobber advised him.

"Oh, but I've seen it in the paper!"—and at the burst of ensuing laughter the City Editor looked injured.

"Mr. Asquith says that prices won't go much lower; and he ought to know."

"That refers only to Consols," objected The Engineer.

"If Consols were to buck up we should have everything good all round the House," said The Broker shrewdly.

"I shouldn't buy Consols yet for a speculation," remarked The Banker.

"Then you don't believe in cheap money?" exclaimed The City Editor with triumph.

"Apart from support from the Government and the banks," explained he of Lombard Street, "it does not appear to me that there are many buyers of Consols."

"India $3\frac{1}{2}$ per Cents. or L.C.C. $3\frac{1}{2}$ per Cents. are much cheaper than Consols, and just as good.""Do you know," asked The City Editor, "that North-Westerns and Great Westerns pay nearly $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the money at the current quotations?"

"Do you know," mimicked The Jobber, "that Districts and Chatham's are both cum-div.?"

There was another general smile, and The City Editor kicked his friend's shins viciously.

"But, really, Home Railway stocks should be cheap," remonstrated The Engineer.

"To take up, I don't know finer investments than such stocks as those you mentioned."

It was seldom that The Banker permitted himself the freedom of such emphatic expression, and the other men were rather surprised.

"Told you to buy Broken Hill things when they were all five to ten shillings a share cheaper," The Merchant reminded them.

"South Broken Hills, if they weren't so high, would look low," remarked The City Editor.

"Go it, old man," The Jobber cried amidst the general laughter.

"I mean that £8 a share puts people off who would otherwise be attracted by getting the 10 per cent. on their money which the shares pay."

"Got some?"

"A few," and the speaker reddened slightly.

"All serene. Nothing to blush about," said The Jobber cruelly.

"Who says a few Zincs for a gamble eh?"

"Leave the rubbish severely alone," The Broker counselled them.

"Should they be sold?"

The Broker shrugged his shoulders.

"There's a crooked gang working the market," he answered obliquely.

"But some people must have frightful losses?"

"I should cut them, and put the money into something decent," said The Engineer.

"It's very hard to say that to holders who gave twenty or thirty shillings more than the present price."

Again The Broker shrugged his shoulders. "I know that only too well," he replied, "but—of course, they might rally."

"Which is more than Kaffirs will," commented The City Editor.

"Don't talk rot," The Jobber politely put it. "Kaffirs will wake up one day, even if they go lower first."

"As they probably will," The Engineer observed.

"Talking of mines, how about Mount Lyells?" The Merchant asked them.

"Curious position there," The Broker continued. "The shares were rushed up, and the insiders unloaded thousands of shares on the rise. Then came the three-and-sixpenny dividend, and Lyells were within eighteenpence of £3. The insiders sold more than ever."

"And now the price is under two," The Merchant commented.

"Can't say I like them," added The Engineer. "Although I don't think they should be sold at present."

"Neither do I," agreed The City Editor. "It was only the other day that I was saying in the paper——"

"We never read the advertisement columns," was The Jobber's parting shot.

ANGLO-ARGENTINE TRAMWAYS.

It is rather more than a year since I recommended the Ordinary shares of this Company in your columns. They were then standing at about £9, as against £8½ to-day, but the decline is only apparent, as there has been a large issue of new shares at par in the interval. I return to the subject to-day because I think there is a clear rise of £1 per share in sight, as a result of the amalgamation proposals which are shortly to be submitted for the shareholders' approval. At the annual meeting in April last the Chairman intimated that negotiations were proceeding for the sale of the Company to a foreign concern, and the shareholders made it clear that they would accept no proposals which did not recognise the very strong position the Anglo-Argentine Tramways have attained. The present proposal, however, is so favourable that there can be little doubt that it will satisfy the majority of the shareholders. Briefly, the offer is as follows: the Compagnie Générale de Tramways de Buenos Ayres, which purchased the Buenos Ayres and Belgrano Electric Tramways Company in April last for £1,350,000, now offers it for sale to the Anglo-Argentine Tramways Company, the purchase consideration to be £1,600,000, in fully paid new Ordinary shares, forming part of a new issue. The present Ordinary shares are to be converted into 10 per cent. Second Preference shares (ranking as from July 1, 1907), with the provision that in a liquidation the holders shall be entitled to receive £10 per share. At the same time, the rate of interest on the $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Cumulative Preference shares is to be increased to 6 per cent. It is obvious that the new scheme is only a step towards an amalgamation of all the tramway systems of Buenos Ayres, for there is to be at the same time an extension of the borrowing powers of the Company by the creation of Debentures to such an amount as shall not require more than £180,000 per annum for interest and sinking fund. The proceeds of this issue, except as to £200,000, is to be exclusively applied to the acquisition of Debentures of other Tramway undertakings in Buenos Ayres, which shall not be in arrear with their interest. It is clear that, under this scheme, the position of the Ordinary shares of the Anglo-Argentine Company, now standing at £8½, is enormously improved. The whole of the net profits of the Belgrano Company, amounting on an average to about £70,000 per annum, are added to the present profits of the Anglo-Argentine Company, already equal to nearly 10 per cent., to ensure the payment on the 10 per cent. Second Preference shares. As against this has only to be set the increase of £6500 per annum required for the interest on the First Preference shares, and the interest on £200,000 Debentures set aside for the capital purposes of the Company. When the advantages of the scheme are fully recognised, I have little doubt that the present Ordinary shares, or the new 10 per cent. Second Preference shares into which they are to be converted, will stand at at least £9½, at which they will return nearly $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Q.

July 13, 1907.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor,"
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

X + Y.—We think well of Bays at present price. As to what price you should hold for we will not pronounce an opinion.

NORTHERN.—It is impossible to tell if the prices are fair, unless you give us the dates of purchase. Most of the shares are ordinary Industrial risks; but when shares yield, as some of yours do, 10 per cent., there must be a speculative risk which you may be content to take, in consideration of the high return. Hardly any of the shares are the sort of thing you can go to sleep upon, with a full assurance that the yield will never get less.

R. O. D.—The shares do not look promising. The Company's secretary is Mr. A. O. Miller; address, 30, Coleman Street, E.C. Write and ask for information. We cannot hear of any price or possibility of realising.

LOCHINVAR.—Your Kaffirs are all fair ones, but we do not expect an early advance. If you took advantage of any little spurt and sold, it would probably be the best. The Rhodesian Companies we have no faith in.

LEE.—Neither of the concerns you mention strikes us as promising for much rise.

CURIEUX.—The Insurance Company is a poor affair, and the two Mines are not much better.

ANXIOUS (Maidenhead).—We can learn nothing of the Spanish Company. We will make further inquiry.

C. C. S.—Your letter was answered on the 10th inst.

W. B.—You may hold all your securities if it is as investments you acquired them. The friction between Japan and the States may lead to lower prices in the stocks of the former country.

H. W.—You had better hold your District Debentures. The stock should be worth nearly £600, even in these bad times.

H. S.—The shares are, we think, quite worthless, and as to any return it is most unlikely. Write to the Official Receiver and ask for information.

J. P. A.—Your letter was answered on the 13th inst.

CAPE.—(1) We do not advise the Bank shares. There is too much mixing of business and philanthropy to please us. (2) If Kaffirs ever go better, the shares you name will rise.

BAD LUCK.—We think well of San Francisco del Oro, but it will be some time before large returns can be made. We therefore doubt an early rise. We have no special information, and no faith in the Gravel concern.

OTTOMAN.—Consult N. Keizer and Co., of 29, Threadneedle Street.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Newmarket I fancy the following: July Handicap, Mildew II.; Swaffham Welter, Vasco; Zetland Plate, Maya; First Foal Stakes, Bridge of Canny; Summer Handicap, Hongkong; Bury Handicap, Winnie K.; Midsummer Stakes, Aubér; Chesterfield Stakes, Sir Archibald. At Sandown Park I fancy the following: Eclipse Stakes, Sancy; National Breeders' Produce Stakes, White Eagle; Surbiton Handicap, Deal; Victoria Welter, Henley; Great Kingston Race, Pearl of the Loch; Royal Handicap, St. Day; Warren Handicap, Li Hung; Surrey Handicap, D'Orsay. At Leicester I like the following; Belgrave Handicap, Aid; Oadby Welter, Wolfkin; Prince of Wales's Plate, Fraxinus; Belvoir Castle Handicap, Spark.

THE MAN ON THE CAR.—(Continued.)

NOTHING has so completely justified the waiting policy of the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company, in the matter of a detachable, as the astonishingly simple and efficient device just made public. For over a year past the Dunlop Company have had this remarkably clever invention "up their sleeves," so to speak, but have rigidly refrained from placing it on the market in any shape until they had proved it to the uttermost. The rims have now been on trial for over twelve months, and have given the greatest satisfaction. As is well known, Mr. Harvey Ducros, the Member for Hastings, resides in his constituency and travels almost daily by road backwards and forwards between Hastings and town. These new Dunlop detachable rims have had a most exacting test on Mr. Ducros' own car.

As in the Michelin, Viner, and other similar arrangements, rims, upon which fully inflated tyres are mounted, are carried upon the car. But, in dismounting a spent and remounting a sound tyre, there are with the new Dunlop arrangement no bolts, nuts, studs, or wedges to loose or unscrew. But one tool—that a slotted lever—is necessary to the job; and after jacking up, the merest novice, after one exhibition, could have the old tyre and rim off and the new one on certainly in the space of 15 seconds. It has been done in

6 2-5 sec., but such lightning-like celerity is hardly necessary. Although supremely simple, the arrangement is difficult of clear description without drawings, yet I may try to convey an idea of its construction.

A steel tyre embraces the wood felloes in the usual way, but this tyre has upon it four segmental plates of nearly the same width as the tyre, riveted upon it. These serve as distance and driving pieces. The pneumatic tyre itself is carried in a channelled rim, as usual, the under face of this rim being provided with segmental strips similar to those already mentioned, serving as distance and driving pieces, and sliding into the spaces between the pieces on the tyre-rim. When pushed on to the wheel the tyre-rim is a good solid fit. But round the wheel within the circumference of the wooden felloes is an expanding channel rim, through which the spokes pass without touching it. This rim is cut across at one point, the two ends being connected by a duplex form of rocking toggle, the manipulation of which, by means of the slotted key—the only tool necessary—expands or contracts this channel rim in such wise that when expanded the edges rise up all round to the sides of the tyre-rim, preventing any lateral movement on its part; and when contracted the sides or edges contract towards the centre of the wheel sufficiently to permit the tyre-rim being slid off the wheel-tyre outwards and laterally. It is, indeed, a marvel of simplicity and security.



Photo. Wakefield.

MRS. BROWN POTTER AT THE WHEEL: THE GREAT ACTRESS MOTORING.
Mrs. Brown Potter drives an 18 to 22-h.p. Horch car, and she is quite expert at the wheel.

HOOPER & CO., LTD.

Coachbuilders (by appointment) and Motor Coachbuilders to
HIS MAJESTY THE KING,
H.I.M. The German Emperor,
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

And Coachbuilders to

H.M. The King of Spain.
H.M. The King of Portugal.
H.M. The King of Norway.
H.M. The Queen-Mother of the Netherlands.
H.R.H. Princess Royal, Duchess of Fife.

H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught.
H.R.H. Princess Christian.
H.R.H. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll.
H.R.H. The Duchess of Albany.
H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught.

HEAD OFFICES AND SHOWROOMS:

54, ST. JAMES'S ST., LONDON, S.W.

PRINCIPAL FACTORY . 77, Kings' Road, Chelsea . **LONDON, S.W.**

BODY FACTORY . Surrey Works, Blackfriars Rd. **LONDON, S.E.**



40-H.P. NAPIER 6-CYLINDER CHASSIS,
with "Hooper" Limousine Landaulette Body, complete with
Lamps and all Accessories. PRICE £1,250.



28-H.P. DAIMLER CHASSIS,
with "Hooper" Limousine Body, complete with Lamps and all
Accessories. PRICE £850.

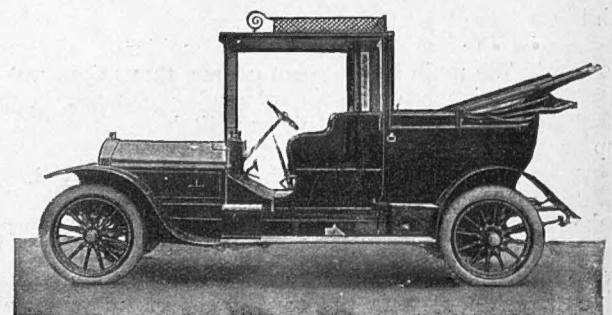
**FOR
IMMEDIATE
DELIVERY.**

**FOR
IMMEDIATE
DELIVERY.**

SPECIAL OFFER.

Paris built, Single Landaulette
Bodies fitted to any standard
length Chassis, with wings and
steps complete.

100 GUINEAS.



40-H.P. SIDDELEY CHASSIS,
with "Hooper" Double Landaulette, complete with Lamps and all
Accessories. PRICE £1,050.